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EDITORIAL

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

A special report from our Hollywood restaurant correspondent Louella Hophead:

This year's Oscar show was a pungent gallimaufry, a blanquette of well-simmered but sinewy greed napped in a light nouvelle P.C. sauce. The most prominent awards went to pictures about a dead lover who is resurrected to reunite with his girlfriend (*Ghost*, or the second coming), a romance-novel fan who tortures her favorite author (*Misery*, or how to negotiate points with the scriptwriter), a suave fortune-hunter killer (*Reversal of Fortune*, or Park Avenue's Eurotrash problem) and shaggy buffaloes, friendly Indians and other endangered species milling around Kevin (Looks Good in Loincloth) Costner (*Dances With Wolves*, or the Lakota should Sioux).

There are those who will say that this year's carte du jour at Chez Oscar reflects Hollywood's obsession with escapism, fantasy, violence and the rre. But real life in these States yields equally tic scenarios and performances deserving of in their own right. Here are our special Oswalds for real-life drama: Best Performy an Actress in a Supporting Role: April ie testifying before the House and Senate gn Affairs committees. Best Adaptation of torical Record: Jim Baker and the State Dement for their script of Glaspie's testimony. Unwitting Performance in America's Favor- Home Videos: the Los Angeles Police Department. Douglas MacArthur Humanitarian Award: Norman Schwarzkopf for not going all the way to Baghdad. Best Foreign Language Production: Judge Kenneth Ryskamp's confirmation hearing, at which he said that his country club required English to be spoken because the members wanted a place "where we didn't have to hear Spanish."

AN N.E.A. DECENCY CZAR?
Owen M. Fiss

ANOTHER L.A.P.D. BEATING
Alexander Cockburn

THE IRAQI OPPOSITION
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DID SADDAM WANT A DEAL?
Robert Parry

THE SUSPECT
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ALLAN GURGANUS
Henry Louis Gates Jr.

HEAT ON THE C.I.A.

WILL JUDGE WEBSTER BE BENCHED?

MARK PERRY AND JEFF GOLDBERG

William Webster, the fourteenth Director of Central Intelligence, likes to joke that he initials his office paperwork in James Bond style—"00-14." But by the end of this spring he may no longer be signing off on the nation's top-secret documents. The speculation in Washington is that his four-year stay on the seventh floor at Langley may be about to end; his replacement is said to be waiting in the wings.

The 67-year-old former federal judge, who was widely praised for his nine-year service as F.B.I. Director, was named Director of Central Intelligence in 1987 after the death of William Casey (an "activist" D.C.I. who always had the ear of President Reagan). Webster, known for his honesty, integrity and good relations with Congress, was given the assignment of restoring the C.I.A.'s image, which had been badly tarnished in the wake of the Iran/*contra* scandal.

Shortly after George Bush was elected President in November 1988, there was much public speculation that Webster would not be retained. Privately, Bush's advisers were said to be ambivalent about Webster because of criticisms of his C.I.A. performance to that point. But Bush announced that Webster would remain in his post for the sake of "continuity" in the leadership of the intelligence community.

As Bush's first-year honeymoon expired, sharp criticisms of Webster (and the rumors that he would be re-

(*Cont. on p. 484*)

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LETTERS.

OUR DRUGGIES

New York City

Diana R. Gordon's "Europe's Kinder, Gentler Approach" [Feb. 4] provides a welcome account of drug policy in Western Europe. Her analysis of harm reduction is extremely astute. But her remarks on needle exchange programs in Britain give the misleading impression that there are only a few such programs there. At the end of 1989 there were 120 needle exchange centers in England and Wales; only about 4 percent of Britain's 75,000 intravenous drug users are HIV positive.

More damaging to U.S. efforts at harm reduction are Gordon's apparent ignorance of the needle exchange programs in this country and her apparent acceptance of the addictophobic view that "our druggies are more desperate and dangerous" than those in Europe. Legal needle exchange programs exist in New Haven, Connecticut; Seattle and Tacoma, Washington; Portland, Oregon; Boulder, Colorado; and Honolulu. There are illegal programs in San Francisco, Boston and New York. New York City's current needle exchange program was started a year ago February by ACT UP and the National AIDS Brigade when Mayor David Dinkins closed the city's small pilot program. Lately the city no longer distributes even condoms.

ACT UP's needle exchange committee exchanges clean needles for used ones and provides bleach kits, condoms and AIDS education on the streets of the Bronx, Manhattan and Brooklyn; we also refer people to drug and HIV treatment and other social services. We distribute more than 2,000 needles each week, and we take in about 1,300 used ones—a rate of return comparable to those achieved in Vancouver, Canada; Rotterdam; and Sydney. On the Lower East Side, where we started our first exchange, we meet with drug users who have returned each week for six, ten or even twelve months; so much for the myth that U.S. drug addicts are too irresponsible to care about their health or to keep appointments. Some users have entered drug treatment, others have reduced the number of times they inject, and nowhere, here or abroad, is there any evidence that needle exchange leads to increased drug use. The people in the six neighborhoods where we work—drug users and nonusers alike—are supportive and appreciative, and in my whole experience of needle exchange, I have never encountered a "desperate and dangerous" drug user.

Writers should counter the stereotypes that demonize drug users, thereby allowing politicians to neglect their needs for drug treatment, health care, food, housing and safer injection alternatives. By accepting that "harm reduction . . . may indeed not be meaningful in an American context," Gordon ignores the fact that needle exchange can and does save lives here. There are more than 200,000 I.V. drug users in New York City; about 60 percent of them are HIV positive. Our failure to provide them with AIDS education, clean needles and condoms reflects a convenient assumption that their lives—and those of their partners and children—are expendable. Addiction is a disease; it should not be a sentence of death. *Gay Wachman*

GORDON REPLIES

Paris

Gay Wachman provides a valuable service in drawing attention to U.S. efforts to establish needle exchange as an activity that can save lives and induce some I.V. drug users to seek treatment. In misreading parts of my article, however, she reflects the narrow perspectives of even the most dedicated drug workers in our country. Such narrowness contributes to our inability to find progressive approaches to compulsive drug use.

In rebuking me for mentioning "only a few" needle exchange programs in Britain (I actually said there were "many other smaller, less well-known efforts" beyond the well-publicized Liverpool centers), Wachman implies that needle exchange is the way to go to prevent AIDS among I.V. drug users. One of the most important points of my article was that we won't be able to make real headway in reducing the many hazards of drug abuse without normalizing users—treating them like others (smokers, heavy drinkers, bulimics) who engage in self-destructive behaviors. One reason I didn't specify more precisely the number of needle exchange programs in Britain was that it is now impossible to do so because many local practitioners and pharmacists exchange needles as part of regular practice, a development regarded as essential in order to take the drama out of drug abuse and to enable users to get help without the stigma of the specialized program.

I did not present the view that American drug abusers are too "desperate and dangerous" to treat with European harm-reduction approaches as my own opinion but as a straw man. That perspective not only insures that drug policy will be repressive and cruel; it also keeps us from acknowledging that (1) we are all drug-takers, at some level, and (2) it is unrealistic and undesirable to exhort all drug users to complete abstinence. For a society that does not get beyond the stereotype, a harm-reduction strategy—which, by the way, includes many activities in addition to needle exchange and applies also to non-I.V. drug users—is indeed irrelevant. With this conclusion, I am looking at the larger context of drug policy and expressing an American tragedy, not dismissing a humane and sensible approach to AIDS prevention. *Diana R. Gordon*

MORE CASUALTIES OF WAR

Lancaster, Pa.

The Soviet Union and China are not the only nations to take advantage of the Middle East crisis in order to abuse human rights ["Watching Rights," Feb. 18]. On January 15, as the eyes of the world were glued on the Persian Gulf, the Bush Administration announced that it would release $42.5 million in military aid to El Salvador. Congress had withheld the funds last year because of concern over military abuses of human rights, and specifically over the lack of progress in prosecuting the murderers of six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter in November 1989.

Bush's action encouraged intransigence on the part of the Salvadoran government at the U.N.-sponsored peace negotiations in February. One of the biggest obstacles in those talks has been the restructuring of the armed forces. Once again assured by the United States of its immunity, the military was not inclined to agree to anything. Recent reports indicate stepped-up rhetoric on one right-wing radio station, with comments about "conquering the inferior masses." Anyone who doubts the effect of the promised $42.5 million (due to have been delivered in mid-March but now delayed indefinitely) need only note that six days after the White House announcement, fifteen civilians were massacred in El Zapote, right outside San Salvador. American papers that deigned to mention the killings attributed them to unknown persons or a family feud. But investigators from Tutela Legal, the human rights group of the San Salvador Archdiocese, after interviewing children who survived by hiding, conclude that the evidence points toward the First Infantry Brigade of the Salvadoran Army, stationed near El Zapote.

There are only a few courageous voices raised in Congress against this aid, even though three-fourths of the Senate voted against it last October. Visitors to one senator report that the wave of "patriotism" sweeping the country has made him cautious of criticizing Bush right now. More victims can be added to the list for the gulf war: fifteen pe murdered in El Zapote, El Salvador.

Daniel I

MAKE A JOYCEFUL NOISE

Deerfield, Ill.

Re: Earl Shorris's "Boom Times I" [Marc Hinbad the Hailer (as well as his collea Minbad the Mailer and Xinbad the Phtha made his debut in Joyce's *Ulysses*, not *Fi gans Wake*. *Andrew Lar*

Yes I say. Sinbad sailed on to Finnegans *Hinbad hailed only from* Ulysses.

—Imbad the Editor

MINDING OUR I's AND II's

For the second week in a row, we report that the words "World War II" replaced "World War I," this time in Marshall Berman's review of *City of Quartz* [April 1]. Our apologies.

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EDITORIALS.

'Harmless Error'

With the help of the newly appointed David Souter, a 5-to-4 majority of the Supreme Court has decided that a conviction may stand even if the jury is wrongly allowed to hear a coerced confession, so long as there is enough other evidence to sustain the verdict. It apparently makes no difference what coercion is used. Rubber hoses or flaying alive—they're all equal before the majesty of the law.

The Burger and Rehnquist Courts have brought more and more defendants' rights under this "harmless error" rule, especially since Sandra Day O'Connor arrived in 1981. The Court held just five years ago that excluding a coerced confession was "so basic to a fair trial" that its admission "aborted the basic trial process." Even the recent majority conceded that the impact of a coerced confession can be "devastating" to the defendant.

The Court's ruling will encourage the more brutal propensities of the police, so vividly illustrated in the recent Los Angeles beating of a motorist. If a trial judge allows a jury to hear a confession, there is a good chance that even if the appellate judges think it should not have been admitted, they will let the conviction stand if they think the defendant is really guilty—although they may in fact base that supposition on the coerced confession. Courts don't like to order new trials, particularly in big, messy cases, and especially if they

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think the result was right. And no higher court is likely to second-guess the lower courts on factual matters. The police therefore have almost nothing to lose and everything to gain by beating a confession out of a suspect.

The Rehnquist Court's "harmless error" ruling is part of a larger plan to get the judiciary out of the business of protecting individual rights. One way this can be achieved is by overturning across-the-board rules, such as "no coerced confessions," thus forcing claimants to prove very difficult and very specific factual matters. In the church-state area, for example, the Court has made it almost impossible to challenge a certain law on its face and has insisted that plaintiffs prove that the specific application of the law violates the Constitution. This is a difficult, time-consuming, expensive job. The 1989 civil rights decisions made it much harder for victims of employment discrimination by requiring them to show that a discriminatory practice was not justified; previously it was up to the employer to show a business necessity.

Rehnquist, Scalia and company don't have complete control of the Court, but they are very close. It seems to be only a question of time.

Remember the C.O.s

The shooting war in the Persian Gulf may be over, but the military's campaign against conscientious objectors is accelerating [see Shapiro, "Hell for Those Who Won't Go," February 18]. In a clear gesture of political retribution, at least 100 reservists and active-duty troops who publicly declared their opposition to the war and refused orders for the gulf face lengthy prison terms and other punishment.

The first postwar prosecutions of conscientious objectors, on desertion charges far harsher than those typically employed in the Vietnam era, are proceeding at a rapid clip. On March 6, Army Capt. Yolanda Huet-Vaughn, a physician who turned herself in after publicly refusing to report for gulf service a month earlier, was officially charged with desertion to "shirk" hazardous duty, which carries a maximum penalty of five years. As punishment for speaking to the press and her supporters in the antiwar movement, Huet-Vaughn was ordered confined to base at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Despite a shortage of physicians at the base, she is prohibited from working with patients and is being forced to tabulate survey data in near-isolation. Another Army physician, Capt. David Wiggins, awaits trial in Saudi Arabia on a host of even more serious charges, including dereliction of duty and disgracing the Armed Forces.

At Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, Marine prosecutors have offered some C.O.s a deal: Denounce your antiwar supporters and counselors and inform on other C.O.s in return for more lenient treatment. Most of the roughly twenty-five Marine C.O.s awaiting court-martial at Lejeune have resisted such offers. One of them, Sgt. James Summers, was placed in chains and solitary confinement for five days in mid-March after another marine, under pressure to plea-bargain, signed a statement claiming Summers told him he might flee the base, a charge Summers denies.

Meanwhile, the Lejeune brass has taken other steps to break the C.O.s' spirit, such as ordering them on exhausting night-time security watches that permit only four hours of sleep, sending them on work details in the rain and marching them many miles to work sites while others drive. Finally, the Marine Corps presented twelve of the Lejeune C.O.s with a plea-bargain offer: prison terms of fifteen to twenty-four months in return for guilty pleas, with the longer terms going to five who had spoken to the media. At press time the twelve were considering whether to accept or go to trial.

United Nations standards call for expedited processing of C.O. claims. But the Pentagon is processing the 2,500 C.O. claims filed in recent months at a snail's pace. By late March, of eighty-six military resistance cases monitored by the War Resisters League of New York, only six C.O. claims had been approved while another thirty-six, some filed nine months ago, are still pending. Eighteen of the dissidents monitored by the War Resisters League are awaiting courts-martial, while five have been sentenced to prison terms of up to ten months, dishonorable discharge and forfeiture of pay.

So blatant is the Pentagon's disregard for U.N. standards that in February, Amnesty International adopted Army Sgt. George Morse as a prisoner of conscience. Morse is currently serving a five-month term in the Fort Riley, Kansas, brig for refusing to load a truck with war supplies after his C.O. claim was refused. Amnesty called on the Army to release Morse "immediately and unconditionally."

The Pentagon cannot claim that its harsh treatment of conscientious objectors is part of a systematic effort to enforce enlistment policies. The prosecution of C.O.s has been highly selective—punishment for political expression rather than refusal to serve. Thousands of reservists called in mid-January simply failed to show up; according to the Pentagon press office, those reservists have not been charged with desertion or minor offenses. Many AWOL troops have been offered quiet discharges without penalty.

The most important legacy of the Pentagon's persecution of Persian Gulf dissidents in the ranks may be the network of objectors themselves. For many, the ordeal of conscientious objection has brought a profound personal transformation from youthful recruits and weekend warriors to committed social activists.

The substantial risk and sacrifice undertaken by Persian Gulf dissidents in the military evoke a long and honorable tradition of conscience most recently visible in Israel, where active-duty troops and reservists refused to serve in the occupation of Lebanon. Ironically, the Pentagon's ongoing persecution of military resisters also recalls the final wave of dissidence in Eastern Europe before the revolutions of 1989, when the right to conscientious objection was a central demand of human rights activists.

As the shell-shocked U.S. peace movement ponders its future, a campaign for amnesty for all military resisters should be at the top of the agenda. Indeed, a grass-roots C.O. defense campaign—with local activists, churches and other groups adopting America's new political prisoners—could give re-

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newed purpose to the peace movement while honoring the true heroes of the Persian Gulf war. Such a campaign would also be a reminder that the modern civil liberties movement started not with pinstriped Washington lawyers but with pacifists, unionists and socialists defending the free-speech rights of their persecuted comrades during World War I.

BRUCE SHAPIRO

Bruce Shapiro writes frequently about political repression.

A Decency Czar?

The specter of N.E.A. censorship is still with us. The infamous Helms amendment has lapsed, grants have been approved for controversial performance artists Karen Finley and Holly Hughes and National Endowment for the Arts chair John Frohnmayer has issued reassuring press releases, but, as underscored by pleadings recently filed in a federal court in Los Angeles by Finley, Hughes and others, the danger to artistic freedom remains.

Passed in the summer of 1989, the Helms amendment prohibited the N.E.A. from making grants for works of art that the endowment considered obscene. The N.E.A. required artists to sign pledges that their work would comply with this restriction. Those pledges harked back to the days of loyalty oaths, and in January they were declared unconstitutional. But an even more basic threat to artistic freedom arose from the fact that the Helms amendment prohibited the funding of obscenity without limiting itself to the stringent obscenity standards established by the Supreme Court.

Last November a new N.E.A. statute was enacted that ostensibly supplants the Helms amendment. The new statute decrees that "obscenity . . . shall not be funded" but leaves the determination of obscenity to the courts. It adopts the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity: The work must appeal to prurient interests, depict sexual activity in a patently offensive way, and be without serious political or artistic value. The new statute appears to be a step forward, but it actually moves in the opposite direction.

It compounds the sanctions for an obscenity conviction by providing that if N.E.A. funds are used to produce a work later deemed obscene by a court, the funds will have to be repaid and the recipient will be ineligible for further funding until full repayment is made. This provision will enhance the deterrent effect of state obscenity laws and the risk that constitutionally protected conduct will be chilled.

Even more worrisome is Congress's decision to consolidate the decision-making power over grants in the hands of the N.E.A. chair. In the past, applications for grants were reviewed by panels of experts, usually peers of the applicant—museum professionals or artists involved in the same discipline. In theory "advisory," in practice the panels dominated the process—approval by a panel usually insured a grant. The new statute explicitly vests final authority for selection in the chair of the N.E.A. Although how that change will be effected is not specified, the September 1990 report of a commission appointed by President Bush in the midst of the Helms controversy points the way. The commission assumes that the chair will continue to use peer-review panels, but it suggests that the panels recommend many more applicants than can be funded. The chair will then choose among those recommended.

What standards will the chair use in making this choice? The new statute is explicit. It directs the chair to insure that "artistic excellence and artistic merit are the criteria by which applications are judged, taking into consideration general standards of decency and respect for the diverse beliefs and values of the American public." By directing the chair to apply "general standards of decency," the statute in effect transforms the Helms amendment into an internal operating principle of the N.E.A. The statute frees the N.E.A. chair to deny funding to a bold and provocative project that he or she deems offensive to "decency," even though the project has serious artistic or political value and thus falls outside the constitutional definition of obscenity. Moreover, as with grants under the Helms amendment, N.E.A. recipients must give assurances that their projects comply with the new decency standards.

N.E.A. chair Frohnmayer recently sought to reassure his advisory body, the National Council on the Arts, when it expressed opposition to promulgating explicit decency standards, saying, "I am not going to be a decency czar here." But in light of the structure of the statute, as well as the overall policies of the Administration and Frohnmayer's performance over the past year, that disclaimer rings hollow. Nor should Frohnmayer's approval of the Finley and Hughes applications in January be taken as a bold reversal of policy. As Hughes said when she learned of her new grant, "This might get tossed my way, but I think other artists whose identities are controversial—their race, their gender, their sexual orientation—are just going to be weeded out by the new internal changes in the N.E.A." When that happens, Senator Helms will have had his way.

OWEN M. FISS

Owen M. Fiss is Alexander M. Bickel Professor of Public Law at Yale Law School.

★

FOREIGN POLICY QUESTION

If Iran got Iraq because of this war—
Iran! Our main villain just ten years before—
Would all of the hideous villains we've hated
Inherit the countries we later invaded?
Would Yasir and those of the sad intifada
Be finding their homeland in far-off Grenada?
Apparently not. I think it's a pity
We won't see Assad in Panama City.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

In the Shadow of Rodney King

Tracy Mayberry died twice: first, at the feet of some half-dozen Los Angeles police officers from the Hollywood Division at around 8:30 in the morning last November 3; second, four months later, in the minds of his neighbors on the 400 block of North Norton watching the home video of Rodney King taking his beating on March 3.

The shock of that video was partly at the disjuncture between art and life. It wasn't like the movies, where people get beaten by the cops but without the ferocity that knocked the fillings out of King's teeth. One of Mayberry's neighbors remembers that when he saw King's beating, "my stomach started grinding, and I said, My God, it's the same."

It was the same for many others on the street. In the arc lights of the King case they relive the precise moment when they knew that after minutes of relentless beating, during which people screamed at the police to stop, Tracy Mayberry died. By then Mayberry was hogtied, a rope pulling his cuffed hands and cuffed feet together behind his back. "All of a sudden," a witness, Dr. Robert Mueller, recalls, "I felt something happen. I looked and he'd stopped breathing."

I first heard about Mayberry's death from his friend Donald Fergusson, an art student in Los Angeles. He'd met Mayberry when both of them were working in a darkroom five years earlier. Mayberry was a big fellow—75 inches in length and 272 pounds, as measured on the coroner's slab—and a kindly guide to raffish bits of the city Donald wanted to write about some day. Mayberry had been in the Vice Lords gang in Chicago, had done some time. In Los Angeles he worked in a few mainstream clubs, but his preferred milieu was the black after-hours scene.

"Tracy," Donald wrote in a memoir of his friend, "was boss at clubs like B.J.'s and Carol's; clubs at secretive locations in rough neighborhoods that open at 2 A.M. He would walk around, shoulders high, in expensive Italian suits, making sure everything was running smoothly. He loved to have me there as he walked around like a proud bird."

The first time he told me about Mayberry on the phone, Donald broke down. Later it turned out that Tracy had been a nice fellow, much liked on the block, even by those who did not know him particularly well. "I guess we were disappointed the way he died," Tessa, a student from St. Lucia who'd lived across the courtyard from him, said sadly.

We drove down to Tracy's block on Norton, just off Melrose and not far from Paramount Studios, and Donald read from his memoir a description of how he'd discovered that Tracy was dead: "He'd called and left a message. A few days later I drove over and knocked on his door. The sound was hollow and it came back at me, as if there was nothing in the apartment. Outside in the street there was a girl sitting on the hood of a car. She was a high yellow, what Africans would call a mulatto. Her companion looked as though he had just stepped out of the fifties. His hair was short on the sides with a high flattop that extended over his massive forehead like a wave about to crash.

"The girl looked at me blankly. 'Who are you looking for?' she asked. 'Tracy,' I answered. 'Tracy? Tracy is dead.' I heard her but I felt nothing. 'He's dead? Tracy?' 'Yeah, the cops killed him, right down there, right by the school.' I wondered how many times they had to shoot him, and where they shot him. 'They shot him?' 'No, they didn't shoot him,' she answered after a while. 'They beat him to death. They killed Tracy like a dog. Tracy died like a dog.' "

The Beating

As we waited for Mueller to come across the street and tell us what he saw, Donald described to me what a good cook Tracy had been. I asked if Tracy had carried a gun. "He never carried one, never needed one," Donald answered. "He didn't believe in them. Whenever the minister spoke in L.A., Tracy would take a bunch of kids from local gangs around his neighborhood. They would line up outside while Tracy would arrange with Minister Farrakhan's people for the youths to go in free provided they weren't armed, and Tracy would insure that they didn't start any shit.

"I remember how the place would always be crawling with cops. The cops would stare at Tracy and the youths. These were bad-ass, don't-give-a-fuck, we'll-fuck-you-up hoodlum gang members, who seldom left their neighborhoods. They would stand around with their braided hair and Raiders caps on top of jheri curls and stare back at the cops. Any other time, the cops would have these kids down on the ground with a nine-millimeter Beretta pointing at their heads. The air was always tense. The cops would watch them continually. Like Tracy, these kids hated cops, hated them as much as the cops hated the kids. It's a special sort of relationship. Tracy felt the kids needed some sort of guidance. 'These are babies,' he would tell me, 'babies carrying Uzis.' "

Dr. Mueller, practitioner of holistic medicine with a Ph.D. in human relations, trim in his early 50s, walked across the street. Yes, he said, he wouldn't mind talking on the record. By the time, on November 3, that Mueller got to the railings outside his home on North Norton and looked up the block, Tracy was face down in the dirt some ten yards away. "He was being beaten on the legs and buttocks by two policemen. One of them broke his nightstick. There were other policemen standing around. They kept telling him to put his hands behind his back."

"Really hard? As hard as the King beating?"

"Yes, definitely, because I could hear the thud of the wand on the body, and it made me sick to my stomach. This was before he was cuffed. He was lying on his face with his hands up by his head. They were solid blows. It's a sickening sound when you hear something hitting flesh and blood that hard. If you hung up a piece of meat and hit it with a baseball bat, that's the kind of sound it would have." On November 3, Mueller gave statements about what he saw in two separate interviews with police.

A few yards farther along the block from where the beating had occurred, Miriam Morales had stood outside 430 North Norton with a teenage daughter. She came out of her house a little earlier than Mueller that morning. "There was a lot of

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screaming, him screaming, 'Don't hit me.' " Tracy had been up on a grassy bank near the sidewalk and was surrounded by six officers beating him. The daughter broke in, "They cuffed him; then they continued beating on him. He had his belly on the floor and his hands cuffed and his legs were up."

Mrs. Morales nodded. "They were hitting him violently. He calmed down. A few times he tried to raise his head, and they would push it down." Mueller said one of the officers moved Tracy's face sideways with his foot, "found he wasn't breathing, bent down, checked him out, turned him over and then they started C.P.R. on him. They called the ambulance. By that time he was dead." Mrs. Morales echoed this view. "When they noticed he wasn't breathing, they did C.P.R., but he was dead. They did it just so they could calm everyone down. Everyone was screaming he was dead." The daughter added, "If you do C.P.R. for ten minutes and he doesn't respond, he's dead. They tried to play it up like he was alive." Mrs. Morales went on, "They didn't even put the siren on when the ambulance came. Even when they left to go to the hospital they didn't put it on either. That's when everyone knew."

"There was a brother was kicking him too," said one of Mrs. Morales's children. "They were white, Oriental and one big black."

Paranoia at Dawn

There was one witness who had seen the whole affair, from start to finish. He does not want to see his name in print, but everything he says jibes with other accounts. Tracy used a lot of cocaine from time to time, and did some dealing too. Two weeks earlier, he'd hit the street at dawn with paranoid delusions and the police had taken him off in handcuffs.

Throughout the night before his death he'd been doing coke with friends in his apartment. He rushed out at 7:30 in the morning, bursting into one neighbor's home shouting for protection, for the police. Then he headed up toward 509 North Norton, broke in, terrified the woman of the house, Margaret Mansour, and seized her son Johnny, once again screaming for protection and the police. Another son, Marvin, told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter later that day, "It didn't seem like he was really trying to hurt anyone. It seemed more like he was crazy. He kept saying we had to call the police. The whole time it was like he was really scared."

Then Tracy went out of the house and sat down in the flower bed of 509. He was wearing sweatpants and a skimpy tank top. The police, alerted by neighbors, soon showed up. They had their guns out and they told Tracy to get on his knees on the sidewalk. "Please don't shoot," Tracy said, covering his head while sitting on the ground.

At this point, according to the witness, the police started kicking and hitting Tracy "anywhere" on his body. He got up and lurched down the street, taking blows as he went. Eighty yards later, on the grassy bank outside 444 North Norton, they got him down and "beat him half to death."

"He was about seven minutes on the bank. [This was before the doctor came out.] The best description I can give is that it was like the same picture you see on TV when you see King's beating. Actually it was a little bit worse. I saw two batons broken on him.

"He wasn't fighting at all. He was mainly covering his body. The beating was so strong I saw the skin get pierced up by his right shoulder. Then they handcuffed him feet and hands down on the sidewalk and ran a rope from his feet to his hands. To me it's mainly the reason he died. He could have survived the beating if he'd just been handcuffed, but he could not breathe."

The Autopsy

As we drove down to the coroner's office to get Tracy's autopsy report, Donald talked about the way he would behave if the police pulled him over. "I would just crawl. I speak in a civil tone. I let them know I'm scared. Please don't harm me. Tracy was very unafraid of police. He was quite big, though actually he was as quiet as a mouse. He would refuse to lie face down. He said the police would have to kill him, that he would not be treated like a dog."

The autopsy report notes that a "33-year-old Black male, probably under the influence of drugs, was reportedly chasing a child and was combative when subdued by police with restraints. As noted, he suddenly became unresponsive and could not be resuscitated at the hospital. He was pronounced dead 7 minutes afterward."

The body maps show extensive areas of bruising and abrasions, including the puncture from the nightstick, and the report states that at 2:49 P.M. on November 3 Detective Gollaz of the Hollywood Division of the L.A.P.D. had "notified Coroner's Aide Susan Barley of the possible homicide related death of Tracy Mayberry at the Queen of Angels Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital. The death was also noted to have occurred 'In Custody.' "

Tracy's body was passed along for further tests, and the toxicologist, L. Chwa, recorded a cocaine level of 2.4 micrograms per milliliter of blood. The deputy medical examiner, Hyderali Mukadam, put in longhand "lethal level 1.0-20.0."

Dr. David Smith, founder and medical director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinics and an authority on drug abuse, says, "We have seen a number of chronic abusers with these blood levels who are not dead." In his opinion Mayberry "wouldn't take a big hit of cocaine and put up a fight for half an hour and die of an overdose. That's not an overdose death." Mayberry had a high tolerance for cocaine, Smith says, otherwise he would have died long before he showed the symptoms of "cocaine psychosis" that he did. Dr. Smith emphasizes that the autopsy conspicuously omitted any mention of the effect that a prolonged beating would have had on someone in Mayberry's condition.

A Central American who was on North Norton that morning said to me last week, "Just like Tracy, I guess a lot of Latinos, Mexicans, a lot of people have been in the same situation. I relate King's name to Martin Luther King. We're getting freedom from some kind of slavery." The police and the District Attorney's office say the case is not closed, but for the past four months it has shown no public sign of life.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Summary Judgment

U.S. District Judge Kenneth Ryskamp does not deserve, as the Bush Administration maintains he does, to sit on the Eleventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. A host of civil liberties, civil rights, labor and Jewish groups have opposed his nomination. They cite some of the decisions he has rendered since ascending to the bench in 1986, a reading of which suggests he may be uncomfortable with certain civil and constitutional rights. They have dug through pages of transcripts and found a few insensitive comments (in one instance, he remarked that use of the phrase "Colored Town" to describe an African-American community is not offensive). And they note that the judge, a Reagan appointee, was, until very, very recently, a member for twenty-three years of the Riviera Country Club of Coral Gables, Florida—what in polite society is called a "restricted" club. So restricted was it considered by its neighbors that in 1986 the city of Coral Gables refused to hold an event there, citing the club's discriminatory policies.

Ryskamp's decisions, utterances and association with the Riviera Club all present reasons for opposition. But the judge should be dumped on another ground—cravenness. Days before his recent Senate hearing, he resigned from the Riviera. In a letter to the Senate Judiciary Committee, Ryskamp said the charge that the club discriminates is false but that the "publicity given the allegation . . . has given the issue a life of its own." His supporters, he said, urged him to "put the issue behind me prior to the hearing." He further explained, "A judge should remove himself from any appearance of impropriety, even when the impropriety does not exist."

The judge was playing the old appearance-of-impropriety game, a proven standard on Capitol Hill. A sterling example of it can be found in the debate over campaign finance reform, as reformist lawmakers decry the current system because it breeds the *appearance* of sleazy behavior. No one dares suggest that actual impropriety is occurring. In Ryskamp's case, his use of this tactic turns the issue of his fitness into a simple matter. Either the judge has lied and indeed golfed and boozed with bigots, or he has abandoned his friends of many years, who now stand falsely accused, to further his career. An inescapable conclusion is that Ryskamp is a man of few, or wrong, convictions. Neither description befits a federal court of appeals judge.

■ The Dodd Bomber

The Iraq war supplied several lessons. One is that the U.S. economy still produces goods for which there is a demand on the world market: weapons. Another is that the global arms trade, through which Saddam Hussein easily acquired armaments from East and West, threatens international security. The Bush Administration, having absorbed Lesson One, drools, and, confronted by Lesson Two, shuts its eyes. The President shunned a Middle East arms control proposal put forward by his good friend Brian Mulroney, Canada's Prime Minister. Instead, he plans to expand arms sales abroad by using the Export-Import Bank to underwrite the deals. One ally in this endeavor is Senator Christopher Dodd, a liberal Democrat from Connecticut.

Dodd is not a new convert to state-socialized arms deals. Last year, he pushed through the Senate legislation authorizing the Export-Import Bank to provide loan guarantees for a United Technologies bid to manufacture 200 military helicopters jointly with Turkey. The company is based in Hartford. Bank officials, aghast at the prospect of being turned into arms brokers, urged members of the House of Representatives to stop Dodd, and the House did so. A persistent Dodd returned this year with a more expansive proposal to allow the bank to guarantee arms deals to any NATO country, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Israel.

Some House Democrats, led by Jim Moody, a liberal from Wisconsin, hope to block both Dodd and Bush. Moody is particularly upset that the White House plan would let the bank finance arms sales even to developing nations if the President certifies that it is in the national interest. Joining Moody in decrying Bush's rush to arms is Representative Sam Gejdenson, a liberal Democrat from Dodd's (and United Technologies') state. Gejdenson has called—quite passionately—for a multilateral embargo on weapons sales to the Middle East and is soliciting other legislators to join him. However, there's little Congress is able to do—short of enacting a unilateral U.S. embargo—if the President refuses to negotiate a ban with other world leaders. So will Gejdenson support Moody's anti-Dodd effort? He says no: "Once you make a foreign policy decision to sell weapons, then American companies ought to be on equal footing with other businesses" abroad. That is, if you can't stop 'em, join 'em.

■ War: Who Is It Good For?

The American entrepreneurial spirit is impressive. Soon after the rout of Iraq, Pasha Publications announced a new periodical, *Gulf Reconstruction Report*. Only $396 a year, this promises to be a must-read for corporations eager for a piece of the multibillion-dollar business of rebuilding Kuwait. The journal will report on contract opportunities, Kuwaiti regulations and the environmental hazards companies face in the Persian Gulf. Look for features on dry-cleaning three-piece suits stained by black rain and on managing guest laborers fortunate enough to escape expulsion from Kuwait.

The free-marketeers of the Administration claim to eschew industrial policy. But consider Bush's desire to subsidize U.S. arms makers facing declining military budgets at home and his advocacy of a war that creates a market for tractors, oil machinery and other goods and services American companies offer. Moreover, much to the delight of the White House, some economists and pundits now claim that American consumers, uplifted by the good war, are celebrating by prying open the wallets and purses they kept shut in the pre–we-kicked-butt days. Who says Bush is a do-nothing on the economy? He's offered a new paradigm: war-industrial policy.

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ARTICLES.

THE IRAQI OPPOSITION

From Babel to Baghdad

STEPHEN HUBBELL

Beirut

One afternoon last month, in the crowded, smoke-filled lobby of Beirut's Bristol Hotel, amid the turbans and the tweed suits, the next President of Iraq may have been standing, although it's still anyone's guess who the lucky winner will be. Representatives of twenty-three opposition groups gathered in the Lebanese capital from March 11 to 13 in a frantic effort to assert control over the popular revolt convulsing Iraq, and many of the assembled leaders felt the time had come to anoint a successor to their common enemy, Saddam Hussein, whose downfall they are prophesying with ever-growing confidence.

The local favorite was Gen. Hassan Naqib, a former deputy chief of staff in the Iraqi Army and leader of an independent faction of dissident nationalists. He insisted he was not campaigning for the job, although he worked the floor near the reception desk for several hours one morning with all the polish of a Sunbelt senator in pre-primary New Hampshire. Clustered around him were three members of the Shiite fundamentalist Dawa group, whose operatives have tried to assassinate the Iraqi dictator on a dozen occasions and whose supporters are battling the Republican Guard in southern Iraq near a Dawa stronghold, the holy city of Karbala. After a few moments of animated chitchat, the circle broke up with a burst of laughter and an amicable round of handshakes, as Naqib moved on to greet a delegation of Kurdish rebels who had just caught his eye.

If leaders of the loose coalition of Iraqi opposition groups, known as the Joint Action Committee, were aware of the irony in holding their unity conference in war-ravaged and oft-divided Beirut, they didn't let on. "We don't want the press to say we're pro-Syrian," said one spokesman, explaining the coalition's decision to undertake the perilous three-hour motorcade journey from its Damascus headquarters to the Lebanese capital. That distinction was almost totally lost on the foreign press corps, however, many of whose dispatches in the days following referred to the conference as "Syrian-sponsored."

Indeed, the role of foreign powers, both Western and Middle Eastern, in determining the outcome of the Iraqi civil war appears to be the major preoccupation of the opposition leaders, who fear that the pace of events on the ground and the presence of allied troops south of the Euphrates will deprive them of a say in choosing a successor to Saddam. "External forces don't want events to take their course in Iraq," warned Ayatollah Taqi al-Mudaressi, spiritual leader of the Teheran-based Islamic Action Party. And time may be running out. "It's doubtful we can sustain the uprising for even a couple of months because our resources are limited and because we have no leadership yet to take control in Iraq," Mowaffak al-Rubai, a spokesman for Dawa, remarked.

Opposition figures express surprise that the Americans, who fought so enthusiastically to dislodge Saddam from Kuwait, are not doing more to hasten the demise of the dictator himself, particularly since American forces in southern Iraq are strategically positioned to aid the rebels. "The Basris [residents of Basra] were expecting the allied forces to stop the redeployment of the Republican Guard [after the gulf war]," said one Shiite activist from the south. "The Iraqi people are very disappointed by the lack of international support. The occupation forces should tell the Republican Guard to freeze in their places." While President Bush has warned Baghdad not to use its aircraft or chemical weapons to quash the rebellion, apparently he has ruled out direct military intervention on behalf of the rebels, according to the March 27 *New York Times*. As a Kurdish rebel leader complains, "Day after day the government is gaining the upper hand. We need to reach Baghdad and we need outside help."

Dissident groups differ on just what sort of assistance they want from the outside—specifically the United States and its powerful Arab ally Saudi Arabia—but reports reaching Beirut suggested that some Kurdish units in the north and Shiites in the south were running dangerously low on ammunition. "What we are asking for is moral support and humanitarian aid. We are not short of money," said Rubai. "What we need

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LISA BLACKSHEAR

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is money," countered Dr. Mahmoud Osman, the general secretary of the Kurdish Socialist Party, one of five Kurdish organizations in the unified resistance.

The rebels are in agreement, however, that some outside help will be necessary to turn the tide against the still-powerful Republican Guard and other regular units loyal to Saddam. Indeed, the outcome of the uprising may hinge on which side can acquire and distribute food, medicine and other essential supplies. But despite persistent rumors that the United States and the Saudis are clandestinely supporting the revolt, the word from Washington has not been encouraging. "The government that Iraq ends up with in the aftermath of this crisis is a matter for the Iraqi people," declared Secretary of State James Baker in Damascus on March 14, after meeting with Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, himself a patron of the Iraqi opposition for almost fifteen years.

Bush and Baker's reticence has suggested to many inside and outside the Iraqi resistance that Washington's aims are somewhat more complex than they appear. "For a revolt to begin it must have been green-lighted by the Americans," argues Gehad Auda, an analyst at the Center for Political and Strategic Studies in Cairo. "And for Saddam's forces to crush it, as they are trying to do, they need the roads the Americans control." Auda echoes the theory advanced privately by several members of the opposition that the Americans want to choreograph the changing situation in Iraq to achieve maximum instability. "They want to exhaust the state," Auda says. It is widely known that the Bush Administration fears the emergence of a Shiite fundamentalist dictatorship in the Iranian mold, but coalition leaders, including those beholden to Teheran, vigorously deny any such intentions. "Maybe some of the Western countries are afraid of an Islamic republic," said Bayan Jaber, a representative of the Teheran-based Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq (SCIRI), "but they shouldn't be." Leaders of secular and Kurdish nationalist groups also rejected the implication. "We will continue our struggle for a democratic Iraq if an Islamic republic is established," insists Jalal Talabani, general secretary of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan.

The opposition coalition, representing seventeen groups that signed a unity charter on December 27 and six additional organizations that have joined since then, claims it has buried the divisions that kept its members at odds for decades. And on paper, at least, its program is impressive: A caretaker government consisting of representatives from the four major trends in the organization—Shiites, Kurds, Arab nationalists and Communists—will prepare the way for democratic elections to take place less than two years after the Baathist regime in Baghdad is overthrown. The signatories agreed on a series of provisions on human rights and free expression that would make post-Saddam Iraq the most democratic state in the region. But the diversity of the grouping—its strongest point—is also potentially its Achilles' heel. Of the twenty-three constituent groups, five are explicitly committed to building a society in which the Islamic code (Shariah) is the law of the land. Asked if he could envision a postrevolutionary Iraq in which a democratically elected parliament would compel women to wear the Islamic face veil, or *hijab*, and in which alcohol would be banned, one Dawa spokesman, Abu Bilal al-Adeeb, said, "If the people will it, that's how it must be." This sort of declaration does little to reassure the coalition's non-Islamic or more secular members, including Communists, Arab nationalists and Christians, who fear being marginalized by the larger groups. Says one representative of a small, secular Kurdish grouping, "Any coalition between strong and weak cannot continue forever. I don't expect it to stick together."

"We share an intense desire to kill Saddam Hussein," said Dawa's Rubai, identifying the factor that above all else holds the disparate coalition together and that could enable it to overcome a sordid history of infighting and betrayal. And there's plenty of history to overcome. In the lobby of the Bristol, Talabani, the avuncular unofficial major-domo of the conference and convener of the December 27 charter-signing ceremony, was observed chatting up Aziz Mohammad, the venerable, gray-haired leader of the underground Iraqi Communist Party, which has suffered more grievously under the Baathist dictatorship than any other political group has. The two men have been rivals for decades in the effort to organize workers in Iraqi Kurdistan, and the Communists still smart from a May 1983 attack on party headquarters by troops under Talabani's command in Pesht Ashan, in which sixty-two party loyalists were reportedly killed. The Communists have also long suspected leading Kurdish groups of being on the payroll of the C.I.A. and claim that their political pragmatism has more than once led them into unholy alliance with the Baathists in Baghdad. Nevertheless, the two men, veterans of countless similar unity conclaves, made a convincing show of fraternal good will. "We all need each other," Talabani said.

For their part, Talabani and his Kurdish comrades, including military commander Massoud Barzani, years ago lost confidence in Washington's trustworthiness as a strategic ally. Since the early days of the Nixon Administration, the Kurds have been alternately funded and discarded by successive Presidents in a cynical exercise of *Realpolitik* designed to destabilize but not topple the government in Baghdad. Pondering the prospect of yet another betrayal by the Americans, Talabani was cautious but hopeful: "I have doubts about American policy," he said, "but American interests will oblige them not to oppose our efforts. They must do something to prove

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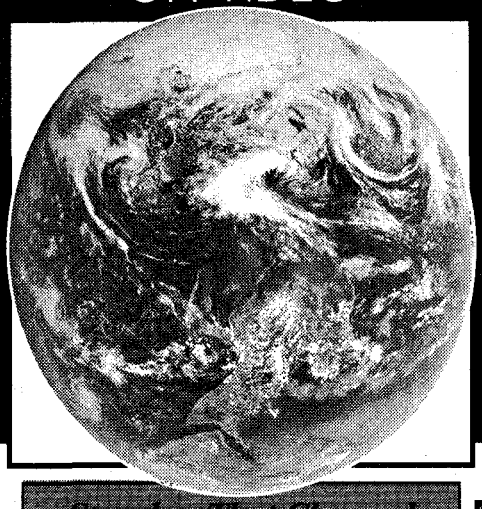

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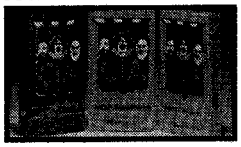

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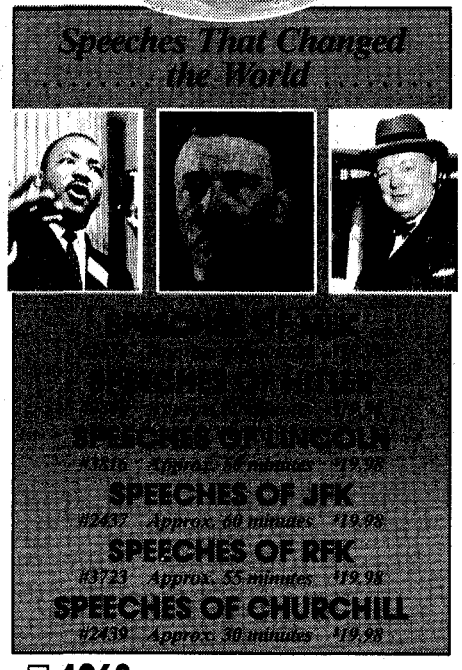
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they are not invaders." When Talabani visited Washington to press the coalition's case in early March, however, he was refused an audience at the State Department and had to content himself with meeting sympathetic members of Congress individually. By contrast, a midmonth visit to Turkey, one of the Kurds' many historical enemies, resulted in Talabani's greatest diplomatic victory to date when he met with President Turgut Ozal in the first high-level official contact ever between the Ankara government and the Iraqi Kurdish opposition.

At the moment, the Kurds appear to be the only faction in the Iraqi opposition with enough military strength to seize and control territory inside Iraq for an extended period. This raises fears among some coalition partners that they will try to form a breakaway Kurdish republic, especially if the anti-Saddam campaign stalls elsewhere in the country. Although Turkey and Iran, both with large and restive Kurdish minorities, might well pre-empt such a move, the Kurds, along with the Shiites, are re-emerging to claim their share of power in post-war Iraq.

Kurdish rebels have also been the first to hold direct talks with disgruntled members of the Iraqi officer corps, in whose hands the key to a successful revolt may rest. "They [the rebels] will need the backing of the army," says Dr. Saad id-Din Ibrahim, a Cairo-based political scientist. "They need a sizable segment of the army, and there are many capable officers who are not too tainted by their association with Saddam." Ibrahim believes, as do an increasing number of outside observers, that the custodian of a post-Saddam caretaker government is more likely to come from the ranks of the military or the Baathist ruling elite than from the organized opposition. Chief among probable candidates is Gen. Ibrahim Daud, one of the architects of the Baathist coup of 1968 and briefly Minister of Defense, who is now living in exile in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, and is considered a favorite of the Saudis. Others speculate that a heroic military figure like Gen. Maher Abderrashid, a commander of Iraqi forces during the Iran war and a nephew of a former president, could inspire enough loyalty to topple Saddam and negotiate a resolution to the civil war. Now under virtual house arrest in Baghdad, Abderrashid enjoys wide support in the armed forces and is well positioned to lead a coup attempt.

But this is precisely the outcome that the Shiite organizations would like to avoid. They believe the Shiite majority in Iraq would benefit most from a system of direct democracy. "Any coup would bypass the people," says Abu Bilal al-Adeeb of Dawa. "The uprising would continue, and there would be no cease-fire, no negotiations." The most credible Shiite "candidate" for the presidency, and a favorite of the regime in Teheran, is Mohammed Bakr el-Hakim of SCIRI, ten of whose family members were executed by Saddam in 1985 after Hakim went into exile in Iran.

There is a long history of enmity between the mostly Sunni officer corps and the Shiite religious aristocracy (*ulama*), which may account in part for the relative cohesion of the army in the face of a humiliating military defeat and bloody civil war. One of Saddam's first acts after seizing total power in 1979 was to silence murmurings of dissent in the city of Najaf, the center of Shiite political influence, and in 1980, after an unsuccessful Shiite attempt on the life of Tariq Aziz, a Christian who was later named Foreign Minister, Saddam unleashed a ferocious counterinsurgency campaign aimed at crushing the Najaf *ulama* and its supporters. No doubt many Sunni officers fear the wrath of a coalition government in which Najafi Shiites would play a major role.

However, for the moment the Iraqi opposition faces the daunting task of trying to impose leadership on a spontaneous revolt that threatens to leave them watching from the sidelines. At the Beirut conference, the delegates couldn't even manage to come up with a program for forming a parliament in exile (a relatively hollow gesture intended to broadcast to the outside world that they are ready to take charge), and this failure has given added ammunition to their critics. "They want to make a coalition, but they would not be able to govern," says Gehad Auda. "They would make another Lebanon."

Perhaps their choice of venue was prophetic after all. □

DID SADDAM WANT A DEAL?

The Peace Feeler That Was

ROBERT PARRY

In the official history of "Desert Storm" there is no place for second thoughts, just as there was no place for them in the policy-making that led to the final carnage on the road from Kuwait. It might have been otherwise, as an excavation of the conflict's hidden history—the spurning of diplomacy—discloses.

On August 9, a week after Iraq's invasion, two Arab-American businessmen then in Baghdad, Michael Saba and Samir Vincent, staged an "escape" from Iraq, carrying with them a negotiation proposal for Washington that might have offered the best chance for a peaceful settlement of the conflict. Relayed via Iraqi Deputy Foreign Minister Nizar Hamdoon, it represented, according to a confidential Congressional summary of the initiative, the views of Iraq's leaders, including Saddam Hussein. It provided for the withdrawal of Iraqi troops in exchange for guaranteed Iraqi access to the Persian Gulf, total Iraqi control of the Rumaila oilfield, which dips slightly into Kuwait, and U.S.-Iraqi negotiations on oil prices. (Remember that it was economic considerations such as these that Saddam had articulated in his pivotal conversation with U.S. Ambassador to Iraq April Glaspie eight days before the invasion.)

Saba, who knew the President's Chief of Staff, John Sununu, from Arab-American cultural activities, proceeded to the White House on August 10, where he met with Sununu and with National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft. The two were noncommittal but did not flatly rule out the proposal. Meanwhile, Vincent contacted a longtime friend, Carl Ber-

Robert Parry, a Washington-based investigative reporter, is working on a book about decision making in Washington.

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nard, a retired Army special operations officer, who arranged a meeting at the National Security Council for the next day. This meeting went badly, according to Bernard. Vincent was "toughly questioned," and the N.S.C. staff members seemed more interested in challenging the message than in taking it down in detail. The peace feeler, he says, "was already moving against policy."

Still, Vincent worked his contacts. He turned to former C.I.A. chief Richard Helms, whom he knew from business dealings in the Middle East. Helms agreed to raise the issue at a lunch he had scheduled with Scowcroft for August 21. "I was just a conveyor belt," Helms now says. But he also had forebodings of a worsening crisis. "From the time it started, no matter how it turned out, it was going to have long-term consequences in the gulf. It was bound to cause instability; and now we have the problem of instability."

At lunch, Scowcroft told Helms that while the White House was not deaf to negotiations, it first wanted to assess the impact of sanctions. When Vincent conveyed this to the Iraqis, Hamdoon updated the plan to include the release of all hostages. He added that Iraq would expect the lifting of sanctions upon a settlement and proposed joint U.S.-Iraqi efforts to improve stability in the gulf and to ease Iraq's economic problems. Helms promptly passed this message to the White House.

Despite the American coolness, the Iraqis were angling for a breakthrough. Hamdoon called the Iraqi Embassy in Washington on August 24, the day after relaying his latest message, to make sure it had been delivered. On August 27 Bernard contacted an aide to Scowcroft, seeking a clear response. But there was no answer.

Baghdad and Washington seemed to be speaking past each other, Bernard notes. "In the camel-trading business, ultimatums aren't the same as trading camels. Certainly the guys in Iraq . . . were offering this and offering that. [But] they were dealing with a New Englander [Bush] who didn't trade camels much." By August 29 the initiative was dead. *Newsday*'s Knut Royce reported the existence of the back-channel efforts, outlining the terms but not mentioning the identities of the participants or exploring the intrigue surrounding the plan. With that, the White House publicly scotched the initiative, declaring "there was nothing in this particular proposal that merited its pursuit" and advising Iraq to send future messages through normal State Department channels.

"There was nothing about this [peace initiative] that interested the U.S. government," Helms says. "The U.S. government didn't want to make a deal."

Although it cannot be known for sure whether a positive U.S. response in August would have averted war, the back-channel proposal was a practical offer, containing none of the posturing that characterized many of Saddam's public statements. The Congressional summary, prepared in January by a Democratic aide with intelligence oversight, said Saddam may have seen the invasion as a dramatic opening shot toward resolving his border disputes with Kuwait.

"The Iraqis apparently believed that having invaded Kuwait, they would get everyone's attention, negotiate improvements to their economic situation, and pull out," the summary notes, adding that if the White House had been inclined, "a diplomatic solution satisfactory to the interests of the United States may well have been possible since the earliest days of the invasion." Given the State Department's official nonchalance toward Iraqi signals of an impending invasion in late July, it would not have been unreasonable for Baghdad to expect such an outcome.

Instead, the summary says, "the NSC apparently concluded on the basis of a psychological profile of Saddam Hussein, and to avoid seeming to in any way reward the invasion, to refuse any negotiations with him, concluding that they would be fruitless until the U.S. had backed Saddam Hussein into a corner from which he could not escape."

The couriers for Iraq's message may also have presented a complication. Throughout the late 1980s, Vincent, an Iraqi-born U.S. citizen with high-level contacts in Saddam's government, had brokered business deals between Western companies and Iraq. Some of those dealings had brought him under U.S. surveillance. Tipped off by U.S. authorities, German officials began probing the work done in Iraq by one of

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Vincent's clients, Havert, a small German specialty steel supplier. *Der Spiegel* reports that Havert is now under investigation for allegedly helping Iraq extend the range of the Scud-B missile to enable it to strike Israel and Saudi Arabia. Vincent denies knowing about any of Havert's work on the Scud-B. As for the peace initiative, he says only that "it was a serious attempt."

After the offer died, positions on both sides hardened. Saddam warned that Americans would "swim in their own blood," and Bush compared Saddam to Hitler. The course was set for war. That war killed an estimated 100,000 Iraqis, caused 304 American combat and noncombat deaths, cost $100 billion or more, resulted in environmental catastrophe and left Kuwait and Iraq in ruins. In a speech on February 1, Bush declared, "When we win, and we will, we will have taught a dangerous dictator, and any tyrant tempted to follow in his footsteps, that the U.S. has a new credibility, and that what we say goes, and that there is no place for lawless aggression in the Persian Gulf." But that "new credibility" has not come cheaply; and as death and turmoil continue in both Iraq and Kuwait, the final price has yet to be tallied. □

A PARIS STORY

I Am an Arab, I Am Suspect

TAHAR BEN JELLOUN

My name is Mohamed Bouchaïd. I'm a window cleaner. I'm Moroccan, not Polish. For a while now some people have called me Moha; others, nastier, call me Bouche. They laugh and I don't know why. They make jokes about my name. I didn't know there was anything funny about it. I'm average height, dark, very dark, bearded with curly hair. Wherever I go I make myself small. Normal. I'm an Arab, a poor Arab, and I'm not at home.

I'm also the classic type. I get checked systematically at the entrance and the exit to the Metro. There's always a finger to point me out in the crowd. You'd think they were waiting for me wherever I go. I'm so used to it that I even point myself out to the police so they can search me. I say to the cops, "Here I am!" Some of them smile; others gesture at me to beat it. I've become the usual suspect for all the searches. What makes it a bore is that they never find anything compromising on me, which annoys them. They get mad because they think they're doing their job for nothing. I feel bad for them. Even so, I'm not going to carry a bomb or a gun on me just to put them in the right and make them feel good. At the end of the day, they could go home and say, "A good catch at last! The son of a bitch, he was going to plant a bomb in

Tahar Ben Jelloun, a Moroccan writer, is the author of La Nuit Sacrée, *winner of the 1987 Goncourt Prize. Translated from the French by George Black.*

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the supermarket, and on the way he was planning to sell drugs to our kids at the school gate." No, I won't play their game. That doesn't appeal to me.

Having said that, it's no use my being innocent; it's no good my having a clear conscience. Sometimes doubts creep up on me. I doubt myself, I doubt my family, my friends, my papers. Before I leave home, I stand in front of the mirror and search myself. Alas! I don't come up with anything. Just some old Metro tickets, a handkerchief, a few coins. I run my fingers through my bushy hair, just like they do, and I find neither a knife nor a lump of hash. Despite everything I'm uneasy. I feel unsure of myself as I walk. The more I feel the self-doubt, the more the cops are aware of it and stop me to check my ID.

My papers are in order, all right. I had to have them laminated because they were in danger of falling to pieces from being handled so much. Look out; I'm not sick, I'm just the ideal suspect. Everything goes against me. At the end of the workday, I'm black. The windows of Paris buildings are really filthy. You'd think I was coming out of a coal mine. My overalls are a mess. My face is drawn and my eyes are tired. Besides, the beard that I've worn for years out of laziness makes me look like what they call an "Islamic fundamentalist." I've often been asked, "Are you a fundamentalist?" as if it were a race or a nationality. I tell them, "You mean am I a Muslim? Yes, I'm a Muslim, but I like to drink a glass of wine with my buddies once in a while. I don't eat pork and I rarely go to the mosque to pray. I observe Ramadan. That's sacred. Even my kids do, now that they're old enough to fast. That's obligatory, it's our religion, it doesn't do anyone any harm. I don't pray every day but I do celebrate Ramadan. Before I came to France I didn't know the word 'fundamentalist.' I think I heard it for the first time on TV."

So is it because I'm a Muslim that they find me suspicious, or is it because I'm not nice-looking? They say we wear beards to frighten them. Is my face frightening? Maybe it is! It's odd, the more care I take, the more I look after my appearance, the more I arouse the cops' suspicion. They say, "I don't like the look of him." But what kind of guy would they like the look of? A well-dressed guy with white skin? What color eyes do you need to have to be nice-looking?

Ever since my workmates started calling me Bouche I've had nothing but trouble. The other day a policeman said to me, "You wouldn't be one of Saddam's soldiers?" I told him that Saddam and I had nothing in common but a mustache. We laughed, but later I thought about it again. Soon after that the war started. Then I had good reason to be afraid. Like a lot of people I thought the war was going to happen on TV. I was wrong. The war was going to reach right into our workplace. On the day the war started I was due to be part of a team that was cleaning the windows of the Montparnasse Tower. The job had been arranged a long time before. There were two of us from North Africa and two Europeans, a Portuguese and a Frenchman. The foreman told me and my Algerian colleague, "No, not this time; you're going to stay put at the office. There's work to do here, like cleaning the toilets." I was surprised, especially since Martin's a pretty nice guy. That morning, there was nothing nice about his expression. He had some reason to take exception to us. Only we hadn't done anything wrong. My Algerian pal told me, "See, the war's really started now."

We spent the day walking around aimlessly, out of a job because of the war. I thought the war was happening in the Persian Gulf, but here we were being seen as soldiers of Saddam and of Islam, given the cold shoulder, suspected of some nameless crime. Maybe we're terrorists and we don't know it. Maybe we've been sent on a mission without our knowledge?

It was during these moments of confusion and sadness that I started thinking of my village. In my mind's eye it was sunlit, covered with flowers and verdant. In fact, there's nothing beautiful about my village; it's an arid, hardscrabble sort of place. That's why I left it. But I enjoyed imagining it differently. There's an inner beauty in everything. Even the stones are beautiful. The village is far away. The boss is watching TV. You can't see the picture; you can hear a voice saying that a long war has begun between the Christians and the Muslims. I knew I was at war but I didn't know against whom. Fortunately the TV is there to teach me. They tell me it's the jihad, that Islam will triumph over the unbelievers. . . . Then I learn that some Arabs are fighting against other Arabs. It's all very complicated. What I do know is that I was due to clean the Montparnasse Tower and now here I am technically unemployed.

So I think about my kids. What will I tell them this evening? I could tell them, for example, that the Arabs had their golden age, that they invented the concept of zero and algebra, that they introduced Greek philosophy and great medical discoveries to Christian Europe. . . . I'll quote for them the thousand French words that have Arab roots. . . . I'll tell them about the glorious past, then the defeat, the defeats, the wars of independence, then the backwardness that is stuck to our skins, and the lousy present, too lousy to give them the stuff

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of dreams. . . . I'm sure they won't believe me. They'll think I'm inventing an Arab golden age in order to calm them down. But they make fun of it.

My kids are grown. There are three of them, between 15 and 20. When I talk to them in Arabic, they answer in French. They're not proud of their father. I understand why. They don't say anything, but I know there's nothing to be proud of in having a window cleaner for a father. We don't talk much. On their free days they go off with their friends. I hardly see them. This evening they must be watching TV. I don't have the guts to go home. They must resent me for being what I am, for making them what they are. One day Rachid, the youngest, told me that after a brawl between some Arab students one of the school supervisors said, "We'll get rid of you vermin one day soon!" Are we vermin? I didn't know they called us that. Sure, they say "little rat" for Arab, and "rat hunt" for an assault on an Arab. But what have we done to God and his Prophet to deserve all that? Perhaps it's our destiny. Maybe we were born to emigrate. Wasn't our prophet, Mohammed, the first Islamic emigrant? I know that in the year 622 he had to leave Mecca to seek refuge in Medina.

Now that war has broken out, what's to become of us? I know: I will be more of a suspect than before; I'll be searched several times a day and I'll submit passively; I'll keep my eyes down when I walk, without bothering anybody; I'll make myself even smaller than usual, so small that I shall become a negligible object, scarcely visible. To be beaten down, to be silent, to swallow the insults, to accept new defeats . . .

I was plunged deep in these despairing thoughts when Martin asked me to join the Notre Dame team. Once a month, our firm cleans the stained-glass windows of the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris. I was surprised. I thought the war was over already. I didn't want to talk about it. The Christians must have won. Martin placed his hand on my shoulder and said to me: "You're a good guy! I can trust you. I know you. You're not one of these extremists, you're not a crook . . ." I swallowed these confused and ambiguous compliments and rejoined the team, where I was the only Arab. On the way I said to myself, I'm a good guy, since the boss said so. And if I take it into my head to smash everything up? And if I don't manage to control myself and turn nasty? What is a good guy, anyway? Someone who lowers his head and lets people walk all over him?

According to the radio—I always carry a little transistor with me—American planes have dropped 18,000 tons of bombs on Iraq. How many deaths is that, 18,000 tons of bombs? They didn't say on the radio. It must be so many people that they prefer not to say. I'm not an Iraqi, but it does something to me: I feel like there's a pain or a weight on my stomach. Those were Arabs, Muslims like me, under the bombs. On the radio and the TV they say we're fanatics. They're tough, these Americans: From high up in their planes they spot the fanatics and send them greetings stuffed with bombs! Is this civilization? They show us that they know how to make war, that they know how to kill.

Notre Dame was crowded that day. Men and women were praying in small groups. They assembled in silence, begging God for clemency and mercy. It was moving. I felt like praying too. But I had to get to work. On the radio they were talking a lot about missiles and Israel.

Up there on my scaffolding I prayed to myself. I invoked Allah and his prophet, Mohammed, that they might bring about the kingdom of peace on earth, that we Arabs might be given greater consideration, treated with less suspicion, not necessarily loved but at least respected.

A few days later, I think it was the first of February, as I was wiping some cleaning product over a superb stained-glass window, keeping an ear glued all the while to the transistor, I heard this piece of news: "President François Mitterrand talked by telephone on Thursday, January 31, with a family of Israeli farmers on the Kfar-Hanassi kibbutz. He inquired about the situation in the country and expressed his solidarity with the Jewish people in their time of trouble." Without even putting the finishing touches on the window, I climbed down off the scaffolding at top speed, asked my colleagues to excuse me and rushed home. I went into the living room, sat down next to the telephone and waited for the President to call. □

Judge Webster

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

placed) began to surface in the press—originating mostly from senior White House sources, including Chief of Staff John Sununu. These critics charged that the C.I.A.'s performance had been inadequate in predicting and analyzing crisis situations in China, Panama, Afghanistan, Lebanon and Eastern Europe; that Webster was too friendly with Congress; and that he was not leading the C.I.A. with enough energy. After the criticisms reached the front page of *The Washington Post*, Bush moved swiftly to silence them. He released a statement that he had "complete confidence" in Webster and was "fully satisfied" with the C.I.A.'s performance. Webster survived the jabs; some observers felt that the public criticisms of the D.C.I. actually pushed the President to embrace Webster and keep him in office.

The agency's performance during the Iraq crisis, however, has resulted in the most heated criticisms yet of Webster, and they are expected to mount now that the war is over. The sniping starts with the agency's perceived failure to warn President Bush soon enough and forcefully enough last July that Iraq intended to overrun Kuwait.

The C.I.A. is faulted for not having any reliable, high-level human intelligence on the ground in Baghdad. There is also criticism that the agency did not adequately analyze the information it *did* receive—from the real strength of the Iraqi

Mark Perry and Jeff Goldberg are independent journalists based in Washington. Perry, the author of Four Stars, *a history of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is currently at work on a book about the C.I.A. during the Bush Administration. Goldberg, a consultant to the BBC current-affairs program* Panorama, *is the chief researcher for* Cold Warrior, *the forthcoming book on James Angleton, the C.I.A.'s former chief of counterintelligence.*

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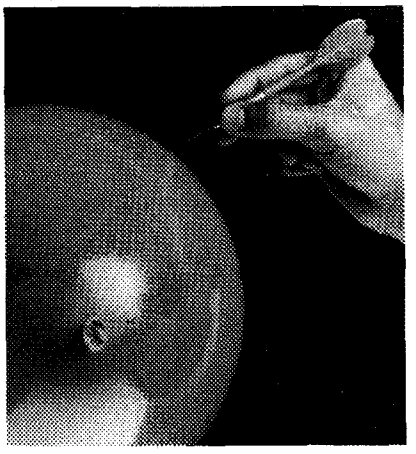

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Army to the number of mobile Scud launchers; from bomb-damage assessments to the question of whether Iraq had deployed chemical weapons in Kuwait. (Such intelligence failings are not surprising, since the agency's Operations Directorate had less than a handful of Arabic-speaking officers at the time of the invasion.)

Webster's image was further tarnished when observers began to notice that the nation's top intelligence official was conspicuously absent whenever important war meetings were held by President Bush and his inner circle of advisers. White House officials recently began leaking anonymous comments that it was "unprecedented" for a D.C.I. to be excluded during such an important crisis.

Insiders at the C.I.A. maintain that Webster's standing in the intelligence community has been further weakened by the recent retirement of Richard Stolz, the veteran director of the agency's clandestine services. "Stolz was a very savvy, experienced guy, and a real cool customer," says one C.I.A. source. "He really knew operations and was often at Webster's side. Webster leaned on him a lot."

Finally, many powerful members of Congress, particularly Democrats who supported the policy of continued economic sanctions against Iraq (like Senators Sam Nunn and George Mitchell), were dismayed and angry when the supposedly apolitical D.C.I. flip-flopped on this issue. Throughout the fall, Webster had said that sanctions were more effective than expected and would cripple Iraq's economy and degrade its army in six to nine months. Democrats who opposed military action based their arguments, in large part, on this C.I.A. analysis. But just before the crucial January vote on the war, Webster issued a pessimistic reappraisal that sanctions alone would not force Iraq to withdraw from Kuwait in the foreseeable future. Critics charged that the D.C.I. contradicted himself. Even worse, they said he had done exactly what he had previously promised never to do: politicize the C.I.A. on behalf of the President.

All of these criticisms reached a crescendo on February 22, when an extremely negative article in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* charged that Webster was "ineffective." Senator Arlen Specter, a longtime member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, told the newspaper, "The intelligence community is virtually rudderless." Quoting other, anonymous, sources from the White House, the State Department and the Senate committee, the article said that Webster was "under attack" for providing poor intelligence on the Persian Gulf crisis, for being excluded from White House decisions since August and for generally poor management of the intelligence community. A State Department official even went so far as to criticize Webster's intellect. "He's pathetic and weak," this source remarked. "He has a hard time completing a thought. He doesn't know what to do with the agency." Such harsh, back-stabbing comments indicate the extent to which certain forces in Congress and the Administration are trying to show Webster the door.

Even some of Webster's strongest supporters on Capitol Hill have recently backed away from him. In October 1989, Senator David Boren, chair of the intelligence committee, gave Webster "the highest possible marks in the personal in-

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tegrity, character and rule-of-law category . . . perhaps the highest of any the agency has ever had." By contrast, Boren now implies that Webster's management of the gulf crisis was unacceptable. "I don't think we had good strategic intelligence at all," he told us.

The Senator has also confided to aides that Webster's performance as D.C.I. is a case study in why the C.I.A. needs to be reorganized. Boren and Senator Frank Murkowski have announced they will introduce legislation this year aimed at revamping the intelligence community; they want to make it more efficient and accountable. Choosing his words with care, Boren adds, "The committee does not want to micromanage the C.I.A., but it's clear we're going to have to take a close look at the agency in the next six to twelve months."

Similar feelings are emerging in the House of Representatives. Dave McCurdy, the new chair of the House Intelligence Committee, also plans to review the nation's intelligence priorities and has vowed to hold hearings to scrutinize recent intelligence failures during the Iraq crisis (committee members have confided to reporters that they believe Webster will not last in office more than another few months).

C.I.A. spokesperson Mark Mansfield defends his boss in the face of these public and private attacks, and he singles out the controversial *Inquirer* article as a particularly egregious cheap shot. "The President has expressed full confidence in Judge Webster," Mansfield maintains. He stresses that the D.C.I. continued to brief the President daily during the gulf war, and adamantly denies that the C.I.A.'s performance was lacking.

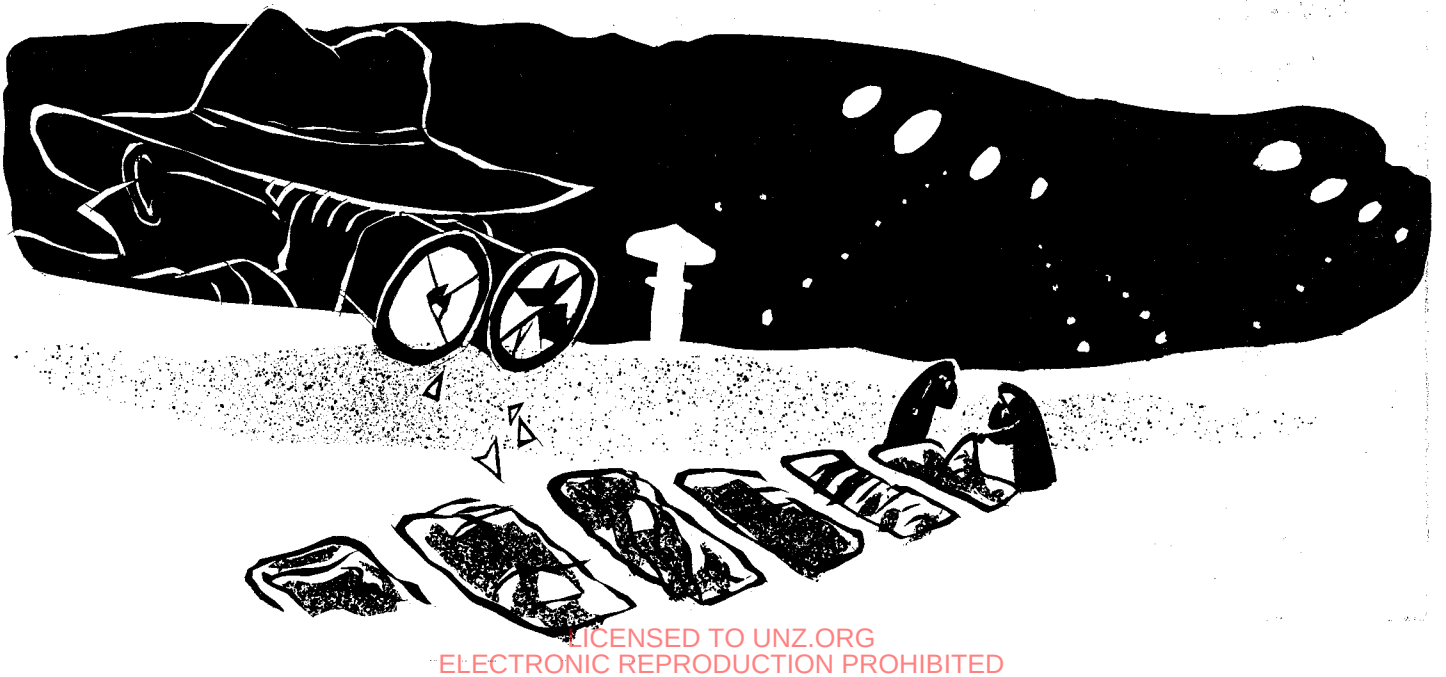
Privately, C.I.A. officers loyal to Webster are angered by reports that he will be replaced and are particularly incensed by the unattributed accusations in the *Inquirer* article. It was, says Mansfield, "pusillanimous drivel, astonishingly uninformed and filled with pejorative quotes. The anonymous 'pathetic and weak' quote was absolute nonsense." He adds: "Judge Webster is one of the great public servants of the last quarter-century."

There have been several names put forward recently as possible successors to Webster, including Deputy National Security Adviser and C.I.A. veteran Robert Gates. But Gates is a long shot, since he withdrew his name from consideration for the post during the Reagan Administration. The leading candidate to replace Webster is James Lilley, the current Ambassador to China, a trusted confidant of President Bush and a former career C.I.A. officer who was recognized as one of the agency's top China hands. Lilley's tour in Beijing will end this month (in February, it was reported that Bush had already chosen his successor, career diplomat J. Stapleton Roy). Lilley will be returning home after completing only two years in China—though a typical diplomatic tour is three years. Agency watchers read this move as more than a coincidence. They believe Bush must have something important in mind for Lilley if he is returning early.

In December, according to a close adviser to the President, Ambassador Lilley showed up at the White House for a confidential talk with the President. After the two men chatted for a few minutes, Lilley made a strong pitch to be reassigned to Washington by the end of April. He said he had tired of serving in China and wanted the top C.I.A. job (he also mentioned that he would accept the National Security Adviser's post should it become available). The busy President is said to have smiled and replied, "I think we have something for you." Bush then told his friend to walk down the hall to see Chase Untermeyer, the White House personnel chief.

According to this account, Untermeyer was initially surprised to see Lilley, but quickly recovered and gave him the good news. "You're going to get a job at a much higher pay grade than me," he said. This meant, according to the source, that Lilley is slated to become head of the C.I.A. by no later than the end of spring. (Untermeyer declined to respond to four telephone queries about this matter. His secretary finally replied, "He knows what you're calling about.") C.I.A. spokesperson Mansfield was asked for his reaction. "That rumor about Lilley has been circulating for some time," he responded. "I don't have any reason to believe that it's true."

Webster's heir apparent has maintained a relatively low public profile during his government career, and he rarely speaks to the press. James Roderick Lilley, 63, was born in



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Qingdao, China, the son of an American oil company executive stationed there. He is fluent in Mandarin and is considered an expert on recent Chinese political history. After serving in the Army after World War II, he graduated from Yale in 1951, joined the C.I.A. that year and became an operations officer in the Far East Division. His overseas assignments through 1964 included tours in Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, Cambodia and Thailand. In 1965 he became deputy chief of station in Laos and then held the same position in Hong Kong through 1970.

In 1973, after President Nixon's historic opening to China, Lilley established the C.I.A.'s first-ever station in Beijing. He was still the C.I.A. station chief in Beijing one year later when his fellow Yale graduate George Bush, by then the former United Nations ambassador, was reassigned to China to head the U.S. diplomatic mission. They became lasting friends during the ensuing year, when Lilley served as Bush's chief intelligence officer and right-hand man.

During Webster's low-key era of good feelings, everyone felt that Bush served as his own D.C.I.

After returning from China, Bush became D.C.I. for a year (1976), and Lilley was National Intelligence Officer for China, the intelligence community's senior adviser on Chinese affairs. In 1978, after twenty-seven years at the agency, Lilley retired and became a professor at Johns Hopkins University for three years. He then began to make a smooth career transition from spy to statesman, despite the State Department's tradition of looking askance at outsiders, especially those with espionage backgrounds.

During the 1980 presidential campaign, Lilley served as China expert on candidate Reagan's campaign advisory staff. After the election he joined the National Security Council, under Richard Allen, as a senior specialist on East Asia. In November 1981, Lilley was appointed director of the American Institute in Taiwan, thus becoming the unofficial U.S. ambassador to Taipei.

In 1985, after serving a year as a consultant to the Defense Department on international security affairs, he became Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. The following year he was nominated by Reagan to be Ambassador to South Korea. After two years in Seoul, he was supposed to be named Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia. But the new Deputy Secretary of State, Lawrence Eagleburger, reportedly viewed Lilley as too moderate and blocked his appointment. Instead, in one of Bush's first diplomatic appointments after becoming President, Lilley was named Ambassador to China.

Lilley was our man in Beijing for only one month before the start of the Tiananmen Square protests. Before the military crackdown, Chinese officials called him *lao pengyou*, or "old friend." But after the massacre, he ran numerous sensitive operations, including one highly secret program to help student leaders escape from China. He received international recognition for sheltering famous Chinese dissident professor Fang Lizhi and his wife for more than a year before obtaining permission for them to leave for the West. One knowledgeable C.I.A. officer says that Lilley has done "a first-rate job" during the recent falling-out between the United States and China. After the Tiananmen crisis, President Bush strongly opposed Congressional demands that he recall Lilley from China for "consultations." In response, Bush described Lilley as "one of the best listening posts we have in China."

The exact timing of Lilley's anticipated appointment is still uncertain. The complicating factor is that it is awkward for the President to push Webster out if he doesn't want to go. He has been loyal to Bush throughout his presidency and Bush does not want to appear ungrateful.

While there is much gossip around Washington that Webster will be leaving soon, the consensus is that he wants to keep working in government. Many people assume he would like a senior judgeship (particularly a seat on the Supreme Court), but there are no vacancies at the moment.

An uncertain factor in Lilley's expected appointment is whether his return to the C.I.A. would sit well with the State Department—in particular, whether Secretary of State James Baker would accommodate another trusted senior adviser who is close to the President. A C.I.A. run by Lilley would provide a strong alternative to the State Department analysis of world events. A Republican senior foreign policy expert remarks, "I know Jim Baker and my feeling is that this is not an appointment he would welcome. Lilley would definitely be a challenge. Lilley has an unusually low tolerance for wimps and assorted monsters in the foreign-policy field."

What changes would Lilley make if he takes over? Former C.I.A. colleagues explain that Lilley could be expected primarily to beef up the C.I.A.'s operational capabilities, an area that they feel Webster did not stress enough. "Lilley spent his early career recruiting and guiding agents in the Far East," says a former senior C.I.A. operations officer. "So I'm sure he will put more emphasis on operations than Webster did. When Webster was appointed, the impression was that the C.I.A. needed to balance out what good old 'Wild Bill' Casey had done. And Webster did indeed represent a balance to Casey. But he swung the pendulum back toward the other extreme. Lilley will be more of an activist than Webster. He will try to bolster up the Operations Directorate and get it out doing the things that the President and the N.S.C. want done."

If the new team of Bush (the nation's eleventh D.C.I.) and Lilley (who would become its fifteenth) is formed, they will have their work cut out for them as they try to shape the "new world order." During Webster's low-key era of good feelings—an epoch marked by a more conservative attitude toward covert operations and greater agency openness on Capitol Hill—everyone felt that Bush served as his own D.C.I. With Lilley, the President would have his own man at Langley. He is not expected to be a kinder, gentler D.C.I., and the spin doctors in the Administration will have no one to blame when something goes wrong. □

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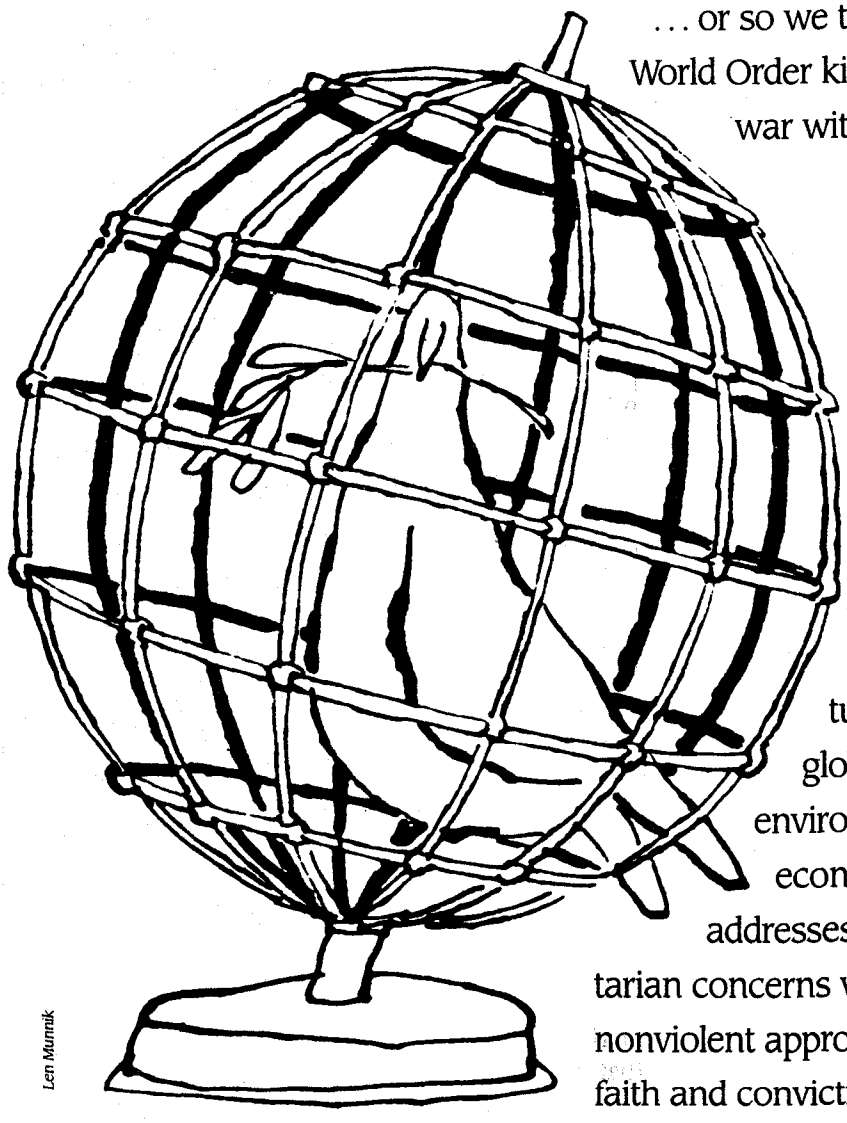

Len Munnik

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Wisdom of Divers

HENRI COLE

THE MAIL FROM ANYWHERE. *By Brad Leithauser. Knopf. 71 pp. $18.95.*

ARARAT. *By Louise Glück. Ecco. 68 pp. $17.95.*

There are at least three streams feeding the lake of American poetry: a poetry of extreme objectification descended from Marianne Moore, whose flux is recognizable in Brad Leithauser; a poetry of ideas, of the sublime, the unutterable, traceable to Wallace Stevens (whose progeny include Mark Strand and John Ashbery); and finally a poetry of witness, of unmediated anguish, come down to us from T.S. Eliot, his virtues identifiable in the work of Louise Glück. Of course, literature is not so easily charted as streams and lakes, and there are many unnameable rivulets that appear and disappear with the seasons. My desire is not to set such differing poets in opposition but rather to give cause for mutual regard. It was, after all, the violently sincere T.S. Eliot who wrote the laudatory introduction to Marianne Moore's cool, syllabic *Selected Poems* in 1935, though the two poets would appear to have had very little in common, aside, that is, from their births just ten months apart in St. Louis.

Leithauser's poems move as symmetrically as helixes down the page, and the first time through his new collection, *The Mail from Anywhere*, I came away asking myself, "So what?" The poems are remarkably *un*dramatic in their interiority ("The mind is fanciful" he reports instead) and seem altogether defiant in their unwillingness to "confess" ("*You/ Will come purely/To nothing*" the sea warns him in a rare private moment, opening a small window on his soul); yet on second and third readings, this book's tempered and confident voice leaves its mark upon us in subliminal ways. These are ruminative, elaborately syntaxed poems, unanxious about moving quickly to their finish. And though they do not have the verbal "gusto" we relish in Moore, they speak instead with a casual, more homogeneous voice, framed by a puritanical regard for form. This third collection by Leithauser is an achievement equal to his first two volumes, *Hundreds of Fireflies* (1982) and *Cats of the Temple* (1986), which when published began to exert an influence on contemporary poetic practice; many poets were hungry for a language more concentrated and a prosody less generic than the dominant "plain style" of the 1960s and 1970s. Like Donne's, Leithauser's rhythms are colloquial, eager to interrupt themselves and not particularly mellifluous. He likes to twist and distort his descriptions, his metrics and his grammar as he plunges into each poem's *abîme*, arriving more often than not at some grave or witty or ardent insight we accept with respect more than astonishment. Although Leithauser's subjects are frequently autobiographical, his poems resist being personal. Neither are they intellectual, though some readers too eagerly identify them as such. His poems search instead, rather earnestly, for simple cosmic truths in travel, in the natural world and in the lives of loved ones—these three endeavors approximating the divisions of his book: "The Mail from Anywhere," "You and Them" and "A Peopled World."

It might be folly to wish for some of Glück's autobiographical consumptiveness in Leithauser's poems, or for his glacial order in some of hers.

About Anton Chekhov's arduous trek across Siberia to visit the remote penal colony island of Sakhalin, it has been written that one litmus test for a writer's authenticity is a grasp of the netherworld. If true, the white litmus paper in Leithauser's case turns a bright acidic red for his having made a life in "laval" Iceland, "north of night," amidst "snow-blasting winds." With his "parka tight to the chin," he gives us one "uninviting" vista in his poem "Peninsular":

> a laval sea of stone extending
> mile upon mile,
> and all of it still brokenly
> flowing, in lichen-whitecapped
> waves, toward a gray,
> cold, contrarily breaking sea.

Yet striking off for the distant shoreline, Leithauser, his cheeks stinging, encounters a grazing ram in "a sort of crater," reminding him that "no place is out-of-the-way to the creature." Leithauser is stirred by the ram's tenacious cling on life and finds something "noble or at least meaningful/in his having chosen to make his meal/in such an embittered locale." One in turn regards the same virtue in the author, buffeted and frozen, transforming a gray place into one of near visionary profoundness. This idea is recapitulated in "Glow," where during a Reykjavík snowsquall the poet happens upon a brilliant city window beneath which a delicate cactus forest thrives "beneath the sun/of an unseen ceiling spotlight."

Much of *The Mail from Anywhere* is written in adopted cities and countries, apart from Leithauser's friends, family and home, and so takes the form of detailed accounts composed far away. Separation from loved ones, even loneliness, any traveler must endure and inure himself to, for as Leithauser remarks of one of his way stations, "Mail from pretty much anywhere was nearly/A month in crossing the seas and climbing that island's/Burning hillside." Yet the sky-blue envelopes that arrive in his mail bring a "sort of light" across the gap we usually measure in miles, hours on a flight or weeks till return.

The intimacy most travelers yearn for is regained in the final section of the book, where many readers will discover Leithauser's most affecting poems to date. Especially notable are "Your Natural History," chronicling the conception of a daughter ("I piled the fireplace high,/ And struck a match, wresting a flame, your flame,/From ice. By just such miracles you came," he remembers), and "The Crush," written in four syllabic and rhyming reluctant sonnets reminiscent of Donne's rhetorical "Air and Angels." The poem—spoken by a man to an absent woman, to whom he confesses an

Henri Cole is the author of two collections of poetry, The Marble Queen *(Atheneum) and* The Zoo Wheel of Knowledge *(Knopf).*

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inexorable "crush"—addresses the psychopathology of the poet's love:

> . . . how perfectly absurd
> It is—how, ever, you pull on me, as though
> A magnet to every tiny-toothed gear
> And staple, brad and screw, all the drill-
> Bits and fishhooks, the hammer claws
> And awls, and the metal rope,
> Wrenches, vises, planes, rasps, and circular saws
> In my belly . . .

One relishes that tiny "brad," giving us a glimpse of the big "Brad" so often hidden behind the gilt screen of technique.

The syllabic precision of these poems, as much as their descriptive mingling of the senses, may remind readers of a somewhat Japanese aesthetic, occasionally crossing the bridge to impressionism. And so much Icelandic whiteness is reminiscent of the Japanese mountains, which for their latitude receive the heaviest snowfalls in the world. Yet in this analogy one misses the Japanese propensity for mating extremes, the incongruous: the wasting beauty of a geisha, say, set against sublime, arctic calm. Consequently, spears that cut through all of us in the dark are unfelt on these pages.

In his poem "A Night Dive," Leithauser, the scuba diver, rises through forty feet of water as his poem, squeezed into a wet suit of dimeter lines, dives down five pages. The poem deftly likens a diver's rise ("through rings/On widening/Rings of coded/Compartments-in-/Flux, up to glimpse/Just overhead/The surface") to the sensation of waking. The wisdom of divers holds that when a creature swimming toward you is nodding its head, it is probably a porpoise. But if it is shaking its head from side to side, it is probably a shark. Metaphorically speaking, one might say Leithauser's poems swim up and down in benign assent, their faces (often with fixed smiles) and pink chests as tireless and welcome as a bottlenose dolphin's.

Louise Glück's poems, however, move in an unmistakably sharklike fashion, their flukes and square jaws cutting the sea horizontally. Their gravity is in their unimpeded strike upon our deepest human workings, where "a wound to the heart/is also a wound to the mind." It was Eliot who said that "poetry has primarily to do with the expression of feeling and emotion"; it is this sensibility that distinguishes Glück's poetry. "My preference, from the beginning, has been poetry that requests or craves a listener," Glück has written, citing Blake, Keats, Yeats and Eliot as exemplars of her literary inheritance. Thus, her work is not a poetry of astonishment, of mandarin flourishes or metrical fluency. "I have always preferred irregularity," she admits, and her irregular poems are wholly bent on establishing a plausible and intimately plain-spoken record of our most dangerous truths. "In my own mind, I'm invisible," she explains in "The Untrustworthy Speaker," as if cautioning her reader, *Don't be afraid.*

With these words Glück begins her fifth collection, *Ararat*:

> Long ago, I was wounded.
> I learned
> to exist, in reaction,
> out of touch
> with the world: I'll tell you
> what I meant to be—
> a device that listened.
>
> ("*Parodos*")

Once identifying her inducement, Glück cannot neglect her vocation as a poet: What follows on these pages is an unflinching chronicle of a family's quiet dissolution. A father's death, the widow's

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predicament as a result, rivalries between sisters, the loss of children—but most unexpectedly, the effect of so much visceral material is to assert the hopeful conditions of love. The poems are testimony from a survivor. And thankfully, the human story that unfolds has a kind of mythic cast to it, sparing the reader the everyday banalities that ensnare so much contemporary American poetry. In "A Novel," Glück writes:

> No one could write a novel about
> this family:
> too many similar characters. Besides, they're all women;
> there was only one hero.
>
> Now the hero's dead. Like echoes,
> the women last longer;
> they're all too tough for their own good.

The hero—in Freudian terms and in a remote way in Glück's poems—is the daughter's father. "The problem is/he's weak; his scenes specify/his function but not his nature," Glück claims. His nature, of course, not unlike Glück's own, is remote ("I was like my father, the way he showed/contempt for emotion," Glück admits). Perhaps the reluctant heroes on these pages are the women who gather when he is put into the earth. "As I saw it,/all my mother's life, my father/held her down, like/lead strapped to her ankles," Glück begins her poem "New World." Yet her mother, like all mortals, is not entirely virtuous, not without the capacity to hurt her daughters, as told in "Appearances." Glück describes two portraits hung side by side over the mantel: "I'm the dark one, the older one. My sister's blond,/the one who looks angry because she can't talk." And later:

> My mother's strong; she doesn't do
> what's easy.
> She's like her mother: she believes in
> family, in order.
> She doesn't change her house, just
> freshens the paint occasionally.
> Sometimes something breaks, gets
> thrown away, but that's all.
> She likes to sit there, on the blue
> couch, looking up at her
> daughters,
> at the two who lived. She can't remember how it really was,
> how anytime she ministered to one
> child, loved that child,
> she damaged the other.

It was Eliot who argued that poets who create the taste by which they are appreciated are poets of the vanguard, in advance of their time yet mirroring their civilization. Whether "crude and simple" or "refined and complex" (Eliot's terms), each of us is enriched by them. On the national scene, Glück has done just this; her austere poems—with their simple vocabulary and dramatic juxtapositions and subtle pacing—have cast a spell upon a whole generation of younger poets. And in an age of gluttonous, ornamental writing, her radical poems refuse to dine from the same language-banquet others do. Instead, like the anorexic who refuses food, her poems assert themselves through denial, finding self-definition in minimalist syntax.

And the poems in *Ararat* are not so solemnly prophetic as in the past, choosing instead a looser, demotic style, whose Herbertian plain-spokenness some may too eagerly reproach her for—especially at junctures when poems serve only as "glue." Such is the cost, perhaps, of writing a book so cohesive, one that fleshes out experience as prose might, suggesting even a linear narrative. This may, in fact, explain why so few of these poems were published in advance of this collection (a notable feat in itself in today's hungry-for-publication scene), for this volume reads as a deliberate whole, unfragmented by its themes and devices. The story of Ararat, a twin-peaked mountain where Noah landed his ark (in present-day Turkey), is a tale that illuminates what all art must, those great human subjects that Glück identifies as "time which breeds loss, desire, the world's beauty."

It might be folly to wish for some of Glück's autobiographical consumptiveness in Leithauser's poems, or now and then some of Leithauser's glacial order in Glück's, but haven't we all virtues that shine when adopted by others? And if the sapphire lake of American poetry is, indeed, fed by streams we identify on the cartographer's map as Leithauser and Glück, let their currents cross and mingle along the way. □

Art and Ardor

HENRY LOUIS GATES JR.

WHITE PEOPLE. *By Allan Gurganus. Knopf. 252 pp. $21.95.*

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Or so the Book of Psalms has it. Even today, when every toothpaste and laundry detergent promises ever-whiter whites, this color-coded vision of divine absolution has proven remarkably persistent. "Washing helps people, right?" one of Allan Gurganus's characters, a businessman who owns a chain of laundromats, wants to know. When he was a youth, the man did a stint collecting funeral insurance premiums from poor blacks. Forty-one laundromats later, it still preys on his mind.

This sort of unease runs through Gurganus's *White People*: More than twenty years after the fact, a man confesses that he burned his brother's beloved model airplanes when they were children. A man tells of having denied his senile grandfather in the town post office ("I have to say this on my behalf," he qualifies: "I was sixteen, a delicate age . . . "). A superintendent of schools lies to his wife while he pursues his higher calling with young men. These are white people who know they could be whiter.

Most of these stories are narrated by people who want some sort of forgiveness—it's what fuels their loquacity, speeds along their confessions. Most of them don't get it, for Gurganus isn't much interested in amnesty or reprisal (though the threat is always there—two of the stories have scenes set in prison). But the stance of retrospection doesn't mean that immediacy of experience is sacrificed. Like the flavors in a stockpot over low flame, the characters' perceptions have only grown in intensity over time.

Indeed, Gurganus's best work would seem to advertise the benefits of slow cooking. After years of quiet toil, he burst onto the literary scene in 1989 with a book that seemed even bigger than its 718 pages, *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*. Both tragedy and farce, it was a performance of the historical imagination that never grassed over into mere "historical fiction"—itself an amazing feat. Sloganeers coined the term "maximalist," as if to signal that this wasn't just a novel but a whole literary movement *in utero*. Which was fine, except that new movements are always more plentiful than good novels.

White People collects short stories and novellas Gurganus has published over the past two decades, and they suggest that he can do pretty much what-

Henry Louis Gates Jr. is editor of Reading Black, Reading Feminist *(New American Library) and author of* The Signifying Monkey *(Oxford University Press).*

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ever he sets out to do as a writer. What makes him such an intriguing figure in contemporary fiction is, in turn, precisely what he sets out to do. The jacket copy informs us that he's taking on "nothing less than Caucasian America itself"; kindly ignore. This is not a further installment to Martin Mull and Allen Rucker's *History of White People in America.* Gurganus's ambitions are of another order altogether.

At the heart of the book are three stories narrated (mostly) by the authorial figure of Bryan, all of which share parallel subtitles: "Something About My Father," "Something About My Brother," "Something About My Grandfather." "Someday he'll probably publish a story or a whole book about what a tyrant I've been," Bryan's father muses in the first one. He won't pretend he's innocent—fey, waspish, eerily precocious, his son had strayed alarmingly outside his comprehension—but he knows he's not a villain, either. "If anything, I've wanted too much for him." As if to refute the father's suspicions, Gurganus allows him to narrate part of the story. A rejected son's poisonous resentment is set in balance with a father's lumbering hostility. Gurganus shows the injuries that a small, furtive, agile creature can inflict upon a larger, slow-moving mammal—and in the process, upon itself.

Gurganus has a soft spot for professional spectators, like Bryan's grandfather, Bobby Grafton, memorably profiled in "A Hog Loves Its Life." This is someone who "stayed one of those gentler sideline small-town guys who're always there when it happens, expert witness to others' triumphs. . . . Bobby entertained chums who stopped to hear enlarged versions of their own tired early exploits. 'Yeah,' they smiled. 'I guess I *was*, I guess I *did*.' " A straight arrow himself, "he admired the scams of strangers." So Bobby chronicles their exploits, and Bryan chronicles the chronicler. The most forlorn of Gurganus's characters are those few who are not storytellers, who cannot themselves vouch for their existence but must be spoken for by others.

An old woman, almost 80, comes across an "extremely male (uncircumcised)" angel, who has fallen (with a "damp thwunk") into her backyard. When she presses her infirmities to his flesh, he "grunts with pleasure" and she is cured, at least for the time being.

Such visitations are not unknown to contemporary fiction, of course. In Harold Brodkey's "Angel," young Wiley confronts an angel in Harvard Yard who is "white indeed, but the white of all colors, as if it were dressed in prisms." In the "presence of the marvelous," the narrator reflects, "one would struggle vastly, terribly, when a Seraph spoke, homosexually I would think, to be a True Ear and to understand and respond faithfully, to show docility." No such luck: The figure never speaks, he never gets gets his chance to listen. His only consolation is that, in time, some can try to tell about it, that there will be "convincing but frail and as if whispered attempts at honesty, of which this is one."

Gurganus's old woman is denied any such solace; her story, "It Had Wings," is one of the few in the collection that isn't narrated in the first person. Whom can she tell—about the angel, about his private parts, about any of it? She realizes she won't be believed, and besides, folks "keep so much of the best stuff quiet, don't they." A sore punishment: "This old woman should be famous for all she has been through—today's angel, her years in sales, the sons and friends—she should be famous for her life. She knows things, she has seen so much. She's not famous." Worse still: She's not even the teller of her own tale. And she has no name.

The narrator of "Adult Art" has a name, a job, and a family, and a hidden talent. Dave is a superintendent of schools and, along with Bryan, perhaps the most complicated of Gurganus's creations. "I've got an extra tenderness," he tells us up front. "It's not legal."

His tenderness, it emerges, is reserved for awkward young men, and he can detail their charms with Humbertian precision. "Everybody notices grace. But appreciating perfect clumsiness, that requires the real skill." In fact, he considers himself a connoisseur, the art dealer who noses out overlooked masterpieces at jumble sales. But there's a paradox. On the one hand, his yearning, which "only sneaks up . . . every two or three years," is all he knows of transfiguration, is what elevates him above the ordinary; to him it represents "everything I like about myself." On the other hand, the ordinary is exactly what he yearns for. Tell him he's a "regular guy" and his heart sings. It's what he most needs to hear.

The sociologist Matthews Hamabata has observed that Americans often represent conformity as the easy way out and glorify the nonconformist; to the Japanese, he says, it's the other way

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around. Conformity is regarded as hard work: To rebel is the easy way out. I think Gurganus shares that insight; he recognizes that ordinariness may be a considerable achievement. It's something with costs, something for which his characters will pay all their lives.

"Adult Art"—itself an awkward masterpiece—is shaped as a delayed sexual encounter: Dave meets Barker, a 29-year-old schlemiel; they have drinks, visit an "adult art" shop and go to Barker's house to watch a Swedish porno flick together. For Dave, though, sexual passion is not so much experienced as superintended. Barker watches the movie; Dave watches Barker.

What makes the story so fascinating is the moment-to-moment modulation of the narrator's voice, the way he keeps up a tone of folksy bluffness even as he dissects himself like a cadaver on a slab. Worried that he's overused the working-late-at-the-office ploy, he chirrups obtusely: "I didn't want to miff a terrific wife." But are his two lives driven by the same needs? "Maybe this very collector's zeal had drawn me to Carol, had led me to fatherhood, to the underrated joys of community. See, I wanted everything—even to be legit. Nothing was so obvious or subtle that I wouldn't try it once."

He tries on voices, one after another: " 'All *right*,' I hollered, exactly as my sons would." He wants to sound experienced but his Baptist leers are unpersuasive. Fetchingly enough, he sounds most ingenuous when he's talking dirty. "Sex is too good not to have a whole lot of bad in it. I say, Let's keep it a little smutty, you know?" Punctuated by twinges of doubt—moments when he is "worried by a famous thought: What are you *doing* here, Dave?"—Dave's erotic creed has no name. Think of it as Muscular Christianity without the muscles.

The collection includes one other story about desire and spectatorship, "Art History," which tells of a schoolteacher and "respected gentleman" (his daughter's description) and his own search for sublimity. But the reality is riskier here and Gurganus fragments it through a contrapuntal structure, shunting between the gentleman, his daughter and the arresting officer. Again, Gurganus's remarkable powers of mimicry are on display. The gentleman speaks in faintly stilted diction; he's prim, easily shocked, someone who can refer to himself as a "man of modest but fixed habits." Someone who goes to the park to seek "quietude" rather than quiet. We soon learn from his daughter that he has been dismissed from his position for some sort of sexual misconduct with his young charges, boys he has bribed with chocolate. "How this soured all memories of Father tussling with the boys on our side yard in those perfect early evenings," the daughter bemoans. A reputation cultivated over the years is now shattered. His book, a work on art history, "was with a publishing company," his daughter remarks, and "they will not print it now." In the court deposition, the arresting officer describes the defendant's behavior in the park: "He stood on his tiptoes and touched the private parts of the baby angel."

But where we expect sex, we get scenes of cleansing. In a hotel room with two schoolchildren, the teacher has them draw a bath. It's as if he can only understand his behavior in aesthetic terms, as if he has rationalized his passions as art-historical. By the end, we leave the man, now in prison, transfixed by a vision of his cellmate, youthfully marmoreal, "still soapy from some bath." *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

The collection ends with the brilliant novella "Blessed Assurance," the confessions of Jerry, our laundromat owner. The young Jerry's wounded sensibilities are played off the mordant irony of his mentor and adversary, Sam, who plays something like Shrike's role in Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*. But let me caution that Gurganus is not launching an argument here, not filing a brief. His stories work because they aren't tendentious in that way; they're stoked by the superfluity of detail, by their refusal to come reductively to a "point."

Gore Vidal once distinguished between those of his novels he could imagine other people having written (*Burr*, *1876*, *Washington D.C.*) and those that no one else could have done (like the two Breckinridges). It's a useful, maybe even inevitable way to think about an author's particular accomplishments. In this sense, it's a high tribute that most of the stories in *White People* are *very* Allan Gurganus. Something ventured, something gained: The yield of his fictions tends to be proportionate to their risk. Not all of them risk as much: "America Competes," in this case in the arts, is one of those stories that probably formulated themselves first as a concept and might as well have been passed along for Max Apple or Ian Frazier to work through. "Reassurance"—dead Confederate soldier comforts griev-

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ing mother—was a little too virtuous for my taste. But these are the exceptions. What really matters is that he can make you squirm with recognition and embarrassment when he wants.

Gurganus writes without a safety net; no precautions are taken against pathos, bathos, authorial indignity. As a result, his best stories command a sort of sublimity of the mundane; they locate the dangerous glamour in ordinariness. But there are better reasons to read him. After all, who else can tell us what awaits those who touch the private parts of angels. □

Staying Alive

HERBERT KOHL

In 1964, when I was teaching in Harlem, among the books I was expected to use in social studies classes were Herbert Townsend's *Our America* and the Branon and Gayney *Social Geography* series. Here is what these books had to say to my students, all of whom were African-American or Puerto Rican.

The Townsend text describes slavery as follows: "Most Southern people treated their slaves kindly. It was true that most slaves were happy. They did not want to be free. The people of the North did not understand this." Branon and Gayney's insights include this one: "Nicaragua and Guatemala are very much alike in that about 85 percent of the population is Indian or lower-class Spanish of mixed race. These people are quarrelsome and therefore lacking in progress." In contrast, Branon and Gayney assert, "Uruguay is a progressive country. Most of its people are white."

The textbooks used in New York were so obviously and overtly racist that James Donovan, the president of the New York City Board of Education from 1961 to 1964, said in his final report of 1964, "When this Board took office in 1961, there was not a single book which provided constructive treatment of minorities on approved lists." Donovan supposedly changed the situation, but no one at my school ever saw any of the new books he referred to. There simply were no texts or children's books with which my students could identify.

This was the situation in 1964 when the son of Lilian Moore, the editor and children's-book writer, complained to her that fellow volunteers at the Mississippi Freedom School where he had spent the summer couldn't find any books that presented positive images of African-American children. Moore shared this insight with other children's-book writers, librarians and editors, including Elinor Sinette, Franklin Folsom, Mary Elting Folsom, Frances Keene, Stanley Faulkner and Sylvia Faulkner. As a consequence, they founded the Council on Interracial Books for Children the next year. They set out to expose racism in textbooks and children's books and to seek out writers and illustrators of color to produce alternatives. They also planned to persuade publishers and educators to print and use such books, encourage publishing enterprises by people of color and develop educational materials to assist children and teachers in understanding and critiquing stereotypes and bias. No one has ever claimed that the council lacked ambition or avoided difficult problems.

Among the sponsors, consultants and advisers to the council's founding board were Lerone Bennett Jr., Harry Golden, Gwendolyn Brooks, Paule Marshall, John Killens, Eve Merriam, Langston Hughes, Milton Meltzer, Ben Shahn, Charlemae Rollins and Mamie Phipps Clark. The council began as a predominantly white organization. However, during its first five years the board of directors reformed itself so that it was fully interracial, with white members in no more than half the positions. The council is one of the few fully interracial organizations founded during the civil rights movement to survive into the present.

One of the council's first activities was to establish the *Interracial Books for Children Bulletin*, edited by Bradford Chambers, which published its first issue in the summer of 1966. It helped persuade Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., chair of the House Committee on Education and Labor, to conduct hearings on the treatment of minorities in textbooks and library books. Powell managed, as part of the War on Poverty, to get funding for the purchase of library books and schoolbooks that treated people of color in dignified and respectful ways. That paved the way for the council's efforts to change the complexion of the children's-book industry through workshops, public meetings and the *Bulletin*.

During its first few years, the *Bulletin* published illustrations by more than twenty-five people of color, accompanied by photos and biographies. It also conducted contests to identify African-American, Latino and other minority children's-book authors who wrote about the experiences of children of color. During the late 1960s more than 100 authors and illustrators who later won awards were brought to publishers' attention by the council, and more than half of them received illustration assignments or book contracts. Among them were Walter Dean Meyers, Mildred Taylor and Margaret Musgrove. Since then the *Bulletin*, which has about 5,000 subscribers, has published issues devoted to themes such as bilingual education, the depiction of South Africa in material for children, Puerto Ricans in children's literature and history textbooks, homophobia, bias in early childhood education and, recently, interracial couples.

The council has always adopted a direct, provocative and uncompromising style. This is apparent in reviews published in the *Bulletin* as well as in demands made by the council on the publishing industry. For example, in the Spring 1968 issue of the *Bulletin*, librarian Isabelle Suhl reviewed the Doctor Dolittle books and concluded,

> As a result of careful examination of four of the most popular of these books, I charge that the real Doctor Dolittle is in essence the personification of the Great White Father Nobly Bearing the White Man's Burden and that his creator was a white racist and chauvinist, guilty of almost every prejudice known to modern white Western man, especially to an Englishman growing up in the last years of the Victorian age, when the British Empire was at its zenith.

This review was picked up by *The New York Times*, the *Times* of London and hundreds of other newspapers, and created just the kind of stir that, I am sure, Bradford Chambers hoped for. The publishing industry had been asleep for so long that more than gentle academic prose was needed in confronting racism in children's books.

Chambers took the council's crusade directly to the publishing industry. In a series of articles in *Publishers Weekly* in 1971, he called for editors and publishers over a period of five years to assign books on minority themes to minority writers

Herbert Kohl is the author, most recently, of I Will Not Learn From You! *(Milkweed Press).*

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and illustrators, and to designate a portion of the profits from books on minorities written by white authors to minority communities. He also called on white authors to refuse to write books "defining the nonwhite minority experience" for five years and to seek out minority writers to write or collaborate on writing such books. Finally, he called upon all people in publishing "to aid the emerging minority publishing houses" by sponsoring "a Minority Book Industry Development and Insurance Fund with a goal of $5,000,000."

Even the most romantic of the council's staff and board could not have imagined that these demands would be taken seriously. Chambers indirectly acknowledged this in one of his *Publishers Weekly* articles when he stated that "consciousness-raising is what the council is all about." However, there is a difference between raising consciousness and alienating people, and there were times when the council lost friends through its brashness. On the other hand, I believe the council had to be outrageous in order to get any attention from the textbook and children's-book industries.

Racism was not the only focus of the council's critique. By the mid-1970s its goals had expanded to include attacks on sexism, homophobia and discrimination on the basis of handicap, age and class. Under the guidance of educator Beryle Banfield, along with Robert Moore and Lyla Hoffman, the council created the Racism and Sexism Resource Center for Educators. In conjunction with the center it began conducting seminars and publishing books for educators on how to detect bias in textbooks and storybooks. It also produced materials on helping children deal with discrimination. One book the council publishes, *Guidelines for Selecting Bias-Free Textbooks and Storybooks* (1979), is, in my view, the most valuable and practical book written on how to analyze materials written for children. I have often used the book in teacher education classes and in elementary and high school discussion groups.

In addition to the *Guidelines* and the *Bulletin*, the council has, over the past twenty-five years, published curriculum material, filmstrips, books and booklets that range from audio-visual learning kits on antiracist and antisexist teaching strategies to a curriculum unit on the Reconstruction era for grades 5-11, *Reconstruction: The Promise and Betrayal of Democracy*, developed by Moore and Banfield. Earlier this year it published *Thinking and Rethinking U.S. History*, edited by Gerald Horne. This book examines leading U.S. history textbooks and in characteristic council style denounces discrimination by commission or omission. Here is what it says about social protest before the American Revolution:

> Between the time of Bacon's Rebellion and 1760, there were 18 major attempts to overthrow colonial governments. There were a half-dozen black uprisings. And there were about 40 large riots of protest. . . . All of our textbooks consistently downplay actions of poor people when they challenge serious forms of social injustice. To continue this practice is to undercut rational and well-informed understandings of similar challenges today.

The council has survived for twenty-five years. It has never been well funded and its publications have not been widely distributed. Like many progressive enterprises it has always lived on the margin. However, unlike many, it has continued to produce. It has had a major effect on the development of a new nonsexist and nonracist literature for all children. It has provided many of us who directly oppose racism, sexism and all other forms of discrimination in the schools with tools and techniques that make our work more effective.

However, the problems the council took on twenty-five years ago still resist solution. In children's-book publishing in particular, the situation has hardly improved since 1965. For example, the Coretta Scott King Award is given annually to an African-American illustrator or author of a children's book. According to the award's selection committee, last year there were approximately 4,000 children's books published, and of these only thirty-eight, or fewer than 1 percent, were eligible for the award. And not all of those books were on African-American themes.

These days the council continues its work under the direction of Melba Johnson Kgositsile. The *Bulletin* is still appearing, and the council intends to expand its publications and increase the number of seminars it conducts. It has just completed a video and workbook, *Three Who Believed in Freedom: The Historical Contributions of Ella Baker, Septima Clark and Fannie Lou Hamer*, and is about to distribute it.

The Council on Interracial Books for Children (1841 Broadway, New York, NY 10023) needs financial support and a less

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marginal existence. It should be planning for its next twenty-five years rather than struggling to find funding every twelve months. It is important to support the work of the council and take advantage of the wonderful resources it offers. On March 2 a dinner in New York City celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the council. I'd like to add my best wishes and thanks. □

Past Present

GWYNETH CRAVENS

COMPLETE POETRY AND COLLECTED PROSE. *By Walt Whitman. The Library of America. 1,380 pp. $30.*

"I suppose I publish and leave the whole gathering, first, from the eternal tendency to perpetuate and preserve which is behind all Nature, authors included; second, to symbolize two or three specimen interiors, personal and other, out of the myriads of my time, the middle range of the Nineteenth century in the New World; a strange, unloosen'd, wondrous time," writes Walt Whitman at the beginning of *Specimen Days*, the collection of some twenty years of miscellaneous notes that he kept, some on bloodstained pages, while he nursed the wounded in Washington, D.C., during the Civil War; while he retreated to rural New Jersey after a paralytic stroke; and while he traveled on trains and boats around the United States and Canada.

I've just been rereading *Specimen Days* in The Library of America's collection of Whitman's poetry and prose, which is the most comprehensive edition of his work to date. Assembled by Justin Kaplan, Whitman's distinguished biographer, the volume—bound in grass-green, with a matching bookmark ribbon—contains all his poetry, including his first and last versions of *Leaves of Grass*, as well as all the prose Whitman published in his lifetime. Out of the book springs the man, always interesting and substantial, with a consistent strength and richness of mind and identity. In his poetry he often appears to be posing for his audience; his spontaneity seems dubious and his tone predictably grandiloquent. But in *Specimen Days* and other prose works he abandons falsity; if he cultivates a pose, it's one of not bothering anyone, of good manners, of simplicity. His candor, idealism and innocence burn brightly, and yet at the same time he shows himself to be skeptical, objective and knowing. The result is one of great aesthetic intensity.

The first half of *Specimen Days* is devoted to his experiences during the Civil War as a hospital volunteer. By his own estimate, he tended between 80,000 and 100,000 gravely ill soldiers. The notebooks and random jottings show that among the grotesquely maimed, the diseased and the dying, he managed to maintain an internal balance, to follow his calling to be a poet as well as a healer. At times he seems like an intelligent, curious adolescent. Of a cavalry force passing by, he writes: "It was a pronouncedly warlike and gay show; the sabres clank'd, the men look'd young and healthy and strong; the electric tramping of so many horses on the hard road, and the gallant bearing, fine seat, and bright-faced appearance of a thousand and more handsome young American men, were so good to see." He admires the spiritual quality, the "unworldliness, disinterestedness, and animal purity and heroism" of some of the backwoods fighters in the camps: "Something veil'd and abstracted is often a part of the manners of these beings." At other times, he seems aged and melancholy. He wrote a number of sketches of dying soldiers; understanding that they were about to vanish into the darkness, he sought at least to record their passage: "Thomas Haley, company M, 4th New York cavalry—a regular Irish boy, a fine specimen of youthful physical manliness—shot through the lungs—inevitably dying—came over to this country from Ireland to enlist—has not a single friend or acquaintance here—is sleeping soundly at this moment, (but it is the sleep of death). . . . It is useless to talk to him, as with his sad hurt, and the stimulants they give him, and the utter strangeness of every object, face, furniture, &c., the poor fellow, even when awake, is like some frighten'd shy animal. . . . Little he knew, poor death-stricken boy, the heart of the stranger that hover'd near." Describing a massacre conducted by Union soldiers, he concluded, "There was no exultation, very little said, almost nothing, yet every man there contributed his shot. Multiply the above by scores, aye hundreds—verify it in all the forms that different circumstances, individuals, places could afford—light it with every lurid passion, the wolf's, the lion's lapping thirst for blood—the passionate, boiling volcanoes of human revenge for comrades, brothers slain—with the light of burning farms, and heaps of smutting, smouldering black embers—and in the human heart everywhere, worse embers—and you have an inkling of this war."

Whitman discovered that his presence helped the ill more than the letters he wrote for them or the pocket money, blank diaries, tobacco, ice cream and other treats he distributed. "My habit when practicable, was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours . . . by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheerful an appearance as possible." To cleanse his brain, he took long walks, noted the moon and constellations and weather, and set down ideas for poems. But the hideous scenes he witnessed in the wards and on battlefields remained with him. One time, so many wounded were brought to the capital that the Patent Office was temporarily converted into a hospital. After looking in on Lincoln's inaugural ball there three years later, he wrote, "To-night, beautiful women, perfumes, the violins' sweetness, the polka and the waltz; then the amputation, the blue face, the groan, the glassy eye of the dying, the clotted rag, the odor of wounds and blood, and many a mother's son amid strangers, passing away untended there."

Whitman, who had immense faith in Lincoln, loved to watch the President riding to the White House. What a moment in that "strange, unloosen'd, wondrous time," when once the glances of two of the most extraordinary men of the era, both sons of farmers, happened to meet! Lincoln bowed and smiled. "None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face," wrote Whitman. "There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

Whitman's entries show him always making the most of whatever befell him. Of the war, he wrote, "Those three years I consider the greatest privilege and satisfaction, (with all their feverish excitements and physical deprivations and lamentable sights,) and, of course, the most profound lesson of my life. I can

Gwyneth Cravens's latest novel is The Gates of Paradise. *She edits "Past Present," an occasional column.*

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say that in my ministerings I comprehended all, whoever came in my way, northern and southern, and slighted none. It arous'd and brought out and decided undream'd-of depths of emotion. It has given me my most fervent views of the true *ensemble* and extent of the states." At last he was able to write, "And so good-bye to the war." He believed that the real war would never get into the books. "Of that many-threaded drama, with its sudden and strange surprises, its confounding of prophecies, its moments of despair, the dread of foreign interference, the interminable campaigns, the bloody battles, the mighty and cumbrous and green armies, the drafts and bounties—the immense money expenditure, like a heavy-pouring constant rain—with, over the whole land, the last three years of the struggle, and unending, universal mourning wail of women, parents, orphans—the marrow of the tragedy concentrated in those Army Hospitals—(it seem'd sometimes as if the whole interest of the land, North and South, was one vast central hospital . . .)—those forming the untold and unwritten history of the war—infinitely greater (like life's) than the few scraps and distortions that are ever told or written."

To *read* Specimen Days *is to eavesdrop on a pure soul in dialogue with itself.*

After the strain of the war, his stroke and three confining years of paralysis, Whitman turned to Nature to bring about his recuperation. "The trick is, I find, to tone your wants and tastes low down enough, and make much of negatives, and of mere daylight and the skies." He hobbled in the woods, bathed in springs, swung himself from saplings to build up his muscles and studied the trees: "One lesson from affiliating a tree—perhaps the greatest moral lesson anyhow from earth, rocks, animals, is that same lesson of inherency, of *what is*, without the least regard to what the looker on (the critic) supposes or says, or whether he likes or dislikes." If his war notes indicate his quiet generosity, his entries during the latter half of the book reveal his ability to receive: "I don't know what or how, but it seems to me mostly owing to these skies, (every now and then I think, while I have of course seen them every day of my life, I never really saw the skies before,) I have had this autumn some wondrously contented hours—may I not say perfectly happy ones? . . . (Though perhaps my best moments I never jot down; when they come I cannot afford to break the charm by inditing memoranda . . .)."

Specimen Days takes us from the middle of Whitman's life into his old age, when he can say, "Perhaps the best is always cumulative." His enthusiasm for the nation and its people takes him as far west as the Colorado Rockies and as far north as the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, on visits to friends, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Burroughs and the elderly Ralph Waldo Emerson. When Whitman was young, Emerson walked him around the Boston Common and, marshaling all his moral, intellectual and emotional powers, argued against the construction of the main part of Whitman's erotic "Children of Adam" poems. "More precious than gold to me that dissertation," Whitman recollects. "[I]t afforded me, ever after, this strange and paradoxical lesson; each point of E.'s statement was unanswerable, no judge's charge ever more complete or convincing, I could never hear the points better put—and then I felt down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way. . . . Whereupon we went and had a good dinner. . . . And thenceforward I never waver'd or was touched with qualms (as I confess I had been two or three times before)."

To read *Specimen Days* is to eavesdrop on a pure soul in dialogue with itself, to glimpse the specimen interior of a person who remained constant to himself, who despite sorrows, ill health and the disapproval of much of the literary establishment managed to defend his happiness and to triumph. Introducing *Specimen Days*, "the most wayward, spontaneous, fragmentary book ever printed," Whitman observes "how few of life's days and hours (and they not by relative value or proportion, but by chance) are ever noted." He feels he can't put the purpose of *Specimen Days* into words. But by the last lines, he has managed to do so: "Perhaps indeed the efforts of the true poets, founders, religions, literatures, all ages, have been, and ever will be, our time and times to come, essentially the same—to bring people back from their persistent strayings and sickly abstractions, to the costless average, divine, original concrete." □

THEATER.

HAL GELB

Josh Kornbluth's Daily World
Haiku Tunnel
Bert Sees the Light

Two of the theatrical bright spots of the San Francisco Bay Area winter were provided by Josh Kornbluth, a balding, roly-poly monologuist who once upon a time was a *Nation* intern.

In *Josh Kornbluth's Daily World*, the older of two pieces in repertory at the South-of-Market Climate Gallery, Kornbluth painted—with director David Ford's help—a hilarious picture of his New York red-diaper childhood, when he was awakened by "The Internationale," was nurtured on double espressos and absorbed the sexual peccadilloes of Julius Lester's ex-wives on WBAI before toddling off to grade school. Mixing the confessional mode of solo performance with the stand-up comic's delivery and skill at working an audience, Kornbluth creates an affectionate though definitely distanced portrait gallery of Upper West Side and Lower East Side boho Jewish left-wing obsessives.

The theme is ideology in the flesh, the mind-set of his father's circle of friends, a group more given to opinion than involvement (the time is the mid-1960s, and from the world he conjures you would never know the left was engaged in anything more pressing than weekly hootenannies). Kornbluth is particularly intent on pointing out the disjunction between the imaginative lives his characters lead—their senses of identity and allegiance—and their actual existence. Most striking is "Uncle" Marv from the Progressive Labor Party, who thoroughly identifies with working people but has never worked a day in his life and who thinks come the revolution, "You slaughter everyone right away and then go to the corner deli for an eclair and coffee."

Then there is Kornbluth's schoolteacher father, Paul. We see him in an orange jumpsuit marching down 7th Street, lustily singing—and identifying equally with—Paul Robeson's rendition of Russian worker songs and Southern mountain hymns learned from that "great Jew-

Hal Gelb is a writer and director living in the Bay Area.

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ish folk singer from the Appalachians," Doc Watson. And we see his expectations for his son. Paul Kornbluth was convinced there would be a communist revolution in the United States and that Josh—who stands before us, the tip of his belt drooping from the buckle—would lead it. Josh invites us to see the anxiety and disillusionment that caused, from his earliest encounters with the outside world, when he tried to organize the masses in kindergarten ("boring from within has an unfortunate double meaning"), to a friendship visit to the U.S.S.R., where he found that Russian youth were more interested in John Denver than Karl Marx and had more in common with brutish American teens than with him.

The rest of the monologue is a classic coming-of-age tale, including an initiation into the mysteries of sex (at the Naropa Institute) and ending with his father's funeral in a small Michigan town. Unfortunately, there's something uncertain about it as a resolution to this story. Several times during the evening Kornbluth returns to the point that his father never saw the connection between telling principals "Fuck you" and losing his job. Likewise, you never have a firm sense that the latter part of *Daily World* shows the consequences of what was, if not a unique childhood, certainly a special one. Kornbluth's humorous disillusion is clear, but a sweating, self-conscious adolescence or an unwelcome virginity is not the curse of the progressive class alone.

It may not be Kornbluth's red-diaper inheritance that finds a voice in *Haiku Tunnel*, which grew out of his daytime experience as a legal secretary, but in the piece he evidences nearly terminal alienation from the workaday world and a decided disapproval of the practice of law. He's outraged that the attorney he works for spends more on one week's expenses in New York than was spent on Kornbluth's entire childhood there ("and he didn't even have to stay at my mom's") and baldly accuses the profession of using language to "lie, cheat and steal." (According to a friend who saw it with an audience of lawyers, there was much laughter and a lot of it was a little too loud.)

Nevertheless, he's fine so long as he remains a temp. When he's asked to take on permanent employment it becomes harder and harder to get out of bed, and his excuses grow more personal and involved. Worst of all, he fails to stamp and mail some time-dated letters because he always needs to have something on hand that he can deal with without stress. His attempt to cover his trail and get them posted is the engine that drives the plot.

Along the way, *Haiku Tunnel* (which is also directed and this time co-written by Ford) brilliantly fills in Studs Terkel's sketchy picture of the secretary's world. Of course, Kornbluth is a kind of spy in the ranks of secretaryhood. He has another career that feeds his spirit, and the character actually spends a sizable part of his working day entering a novel on the mainframe. He is also someone who, by education and sophistication, is the equal of those higher up the ladder. So much so that he enters into a romantic relationship with a yuppie associate in the Criminal Division, who thinks he's a hotshot tax attorney with all the right angles. The effect is an intense awareness of powerlessness. The other thing that comes through strongly is a sense of waste: the liveliness of the secretaries when they're out of the office, the extraordinary talent of one of them, who is a weekend gospel singer, the picture of them all plugged into their Walkmans at an engineering firm where he's typing specs for a Hawaiian tunnel (hence the title).

Kornbluth is wonderful at choosing the telling phrase or detail, but the real strength of the monologue, which is as hilarious as *Daily World* but deeper, stronger and more freely performed, is its evocation of the inner life of nine-to-five, the show's recognition of how much people live in their minds when the world of work isn't fulfilling. Ultimately, the unmailed letters come to represent for him not just a screw-up at work but startling and eloquent proof that he's an evil person.

Another bright spot—a very bright spot—is *Bert Sees the Light*, a savage, offbeat satire based on Brecht's wartime exile in Los Angeles, by four young members of L.A.'s Actor's Gang. It makes you almost think a fresh breeze is blowing through the self-regarding, self-indulging art-theater scene.

Performed here at Intersection (and originally at the Saxon-Lee Gallery Theater and the Los Angeles Open Festival), the hour-long show, conceived and directed by R.A. White, is pieced together from Brecht's poems and elements of his biography, which are treated with, to say the least, artistic license. Peter Lorre and Greta Garbo (together in a hot tub that Brecht fears will give him a sinus rash), Fritz Lang, Louis B. Mayer, Abe Burrows, Helene Weigel and Adolf Hitler are all characters. They are played by Jack Black, Michael Rivkin and Molly Bryant with a change of hat and a highly physical style that crosses over into cartoon and knockabout. That the characters are performed rather than acted empathetically would have pleased Brecht mightily.

The short, quickly paced scenes are introduced by a clapper board and pieces of doggerel that likewise alienate the action. Nevertheless, the style is not strictly Brechtian, or what we've come to think of as Brechtian. There's barely an echo of his rasping, mordant irony. The line readings are out of the American grain. In fact, the production is as aggressively American as an Oldenburg or Warhol, and about as reverent as a Marx Brothers movie. Black adds mimey movements to Brecht's poems that fragment the sense, and some of the vaudeville is just juvenile. I mean, a food fight between Brecht and Weigel?

Brecht's womanizing becomes an object of comedy. Weigel's response to his suggestion that he bring his mistress and collaborator Ruth Berlau to live with them is priceless: "As I tell the children, if you have to play ball, play outside the house." In an even unkinder cut, Garbo tells him she hears his singing is awful.

More seriously, the play raises questions about what Brecht thought he was doing in taking refuge, not just in the most advanced capitalist nation on earth

WHEN I READ TO MY SON

he instinctively places his hand
on my wrist, a feathery cuff

confirming the sluggish pace
of a world that is already

disappearing with his breath.
Sometimes I want to stop, close

the book and say, Blink, breathe,
don't believe anything, especially

words, so utterly! But sometimes
I convince myself that this therapy

will save his life. And so I say
nothing except the imperfect story

somebody else wrote, and we sit
for hours at this strange transfusion

of words, and his touch is steady
as a blind boy guiding his guide.

Michael McFee

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but in its dream factory, which he himself described as "the marketplace where lies are bought," or more concisely as "this sewer." The Brecht of *Bert Sees the Light* continues to suffer from an advanced case of culture shock and a mixture of egotism and naïveté. He expected immediate acceptance and success—and on his own terms.

Unlike Spalding Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia*, which locates Hollywood's decadence in the surrender to desire and the senses, *Bert Sees the Light* finds it in the very purpose of the work there and in its effect on the people involved. You hear it in their cynicism, in L.B. Mayer's depraved laughter as he raves about a scene in which a cook is murdered, and in Garbo's "I want to be alone," which to R.A. White's way of thinking is her response to the industry. Where Gray finds the decadence personally threatening and censures it, White and company are surprisingly compassionate. They understand that, as with the morphine addiction of Brecht's friend Peter Lorre, decadence can be an expression of shame for having compromised one's life.

The show is in fact continually surprising—and intelligent and inventive—in what it makes of the material. For example, *Bert Sees the Light* uses Brecht's HUAC appearance to answer the question that haunted him about his years of exile: why he survived when so many others didn't. His misleading testimony about his learning play *The Measures Taken* is used as a way of revealing that by remaining true to his politics, he unconsciously committed professional suicide in Hollywood—which paradoxically saved his life. That this celebration of integrity and lack of success emerges from decadence and nihilism keeps it from feeling superimposed and hopelessly naïve. Coming as it does after a decade of pragmatism, cynicism and making it big, it's a shocker.

White, Black, Rivkin and Bryant are negotiating summer performances of *Bert Sees the Light* in Chicago and New York. Josh Kornbluth will soon open a third monologue, *The Moisture Seekers*, in the Bay Area, and is looking into taking *Haiku Tunnel* and *Daily World* to New York and Los Angeles later this year. □

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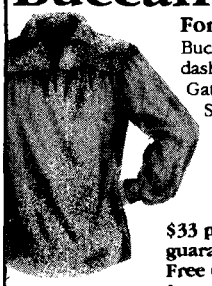

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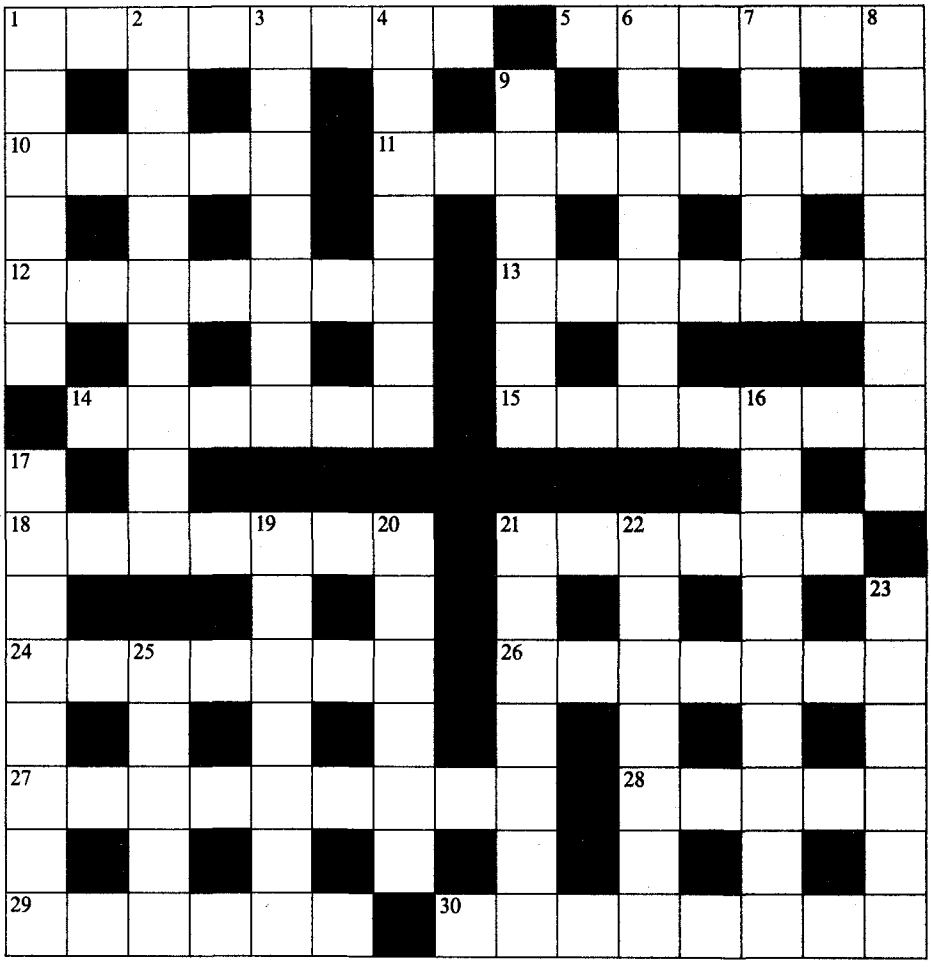

ACROSS

1 and 5 It should present a good version of the picture for the backers. (4-4,6)
10 Lodge companion in Who's Who? (Not the one who discovered things early!) (5)
11 How the rifleman prepares for action takes a toothsome object, but it's a plant. (9)
12 Hurry to pass on one that has been very controversial! (7)
13 Take a deep breath and it probably is—you'll find raw nerves display it. (7)
14 Possibly found in soap, and the things that some play with. (6)
15 If you're looking for trouble, don't or a sort will cause it! (7)
18 and 21 With the power on top but supposedly only stuck up there. (4,3,6)
24 That's what you get when the ukulele strings are broken—but there's a remedy! (7)
26 Retains the components of what couldn't be nicer! (7)
27 One would be this to consider himself 18 and 21! (9)
28 Theirs doesn't start to get those who expect to come into something. (5)
29 and 30 Should one that keeps books hit the scales this way? (6,1,7)

DOWN

1 and 17 Do they falsify accounts, or merely play to the auditor? (6,8)
2 Does it involve the waiter's lying? (9)
3 The winners in certain races might be, having run well. (5,2)
4 Goes over. (7)
6 Such trading drew sentences. (Red is climbing in!) (7)
7 A letter from Athens to the District Attorney? (Or had the girl misplaced it?) (5)
8 and 23 What's really in a title? The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of this guy, of York, Mariner. (8,6)
9 The players probably try to follow it to the letter. (6)
16 Wearing down tar into it, possibly. ("The Bear" likes it.) (9)
17 See 1 down
19 Some people feel so bad when high. (7)
20 What you do when you take your specks off? (Make a step lower, too.) (4,2)
21 For one who doesn't want a big taxi bill . . . (7)
22 . . . though it may be some time before it runs on this. (7)
23 See 8
25 Track's no good. In fact, 's very bad! (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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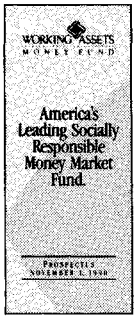

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